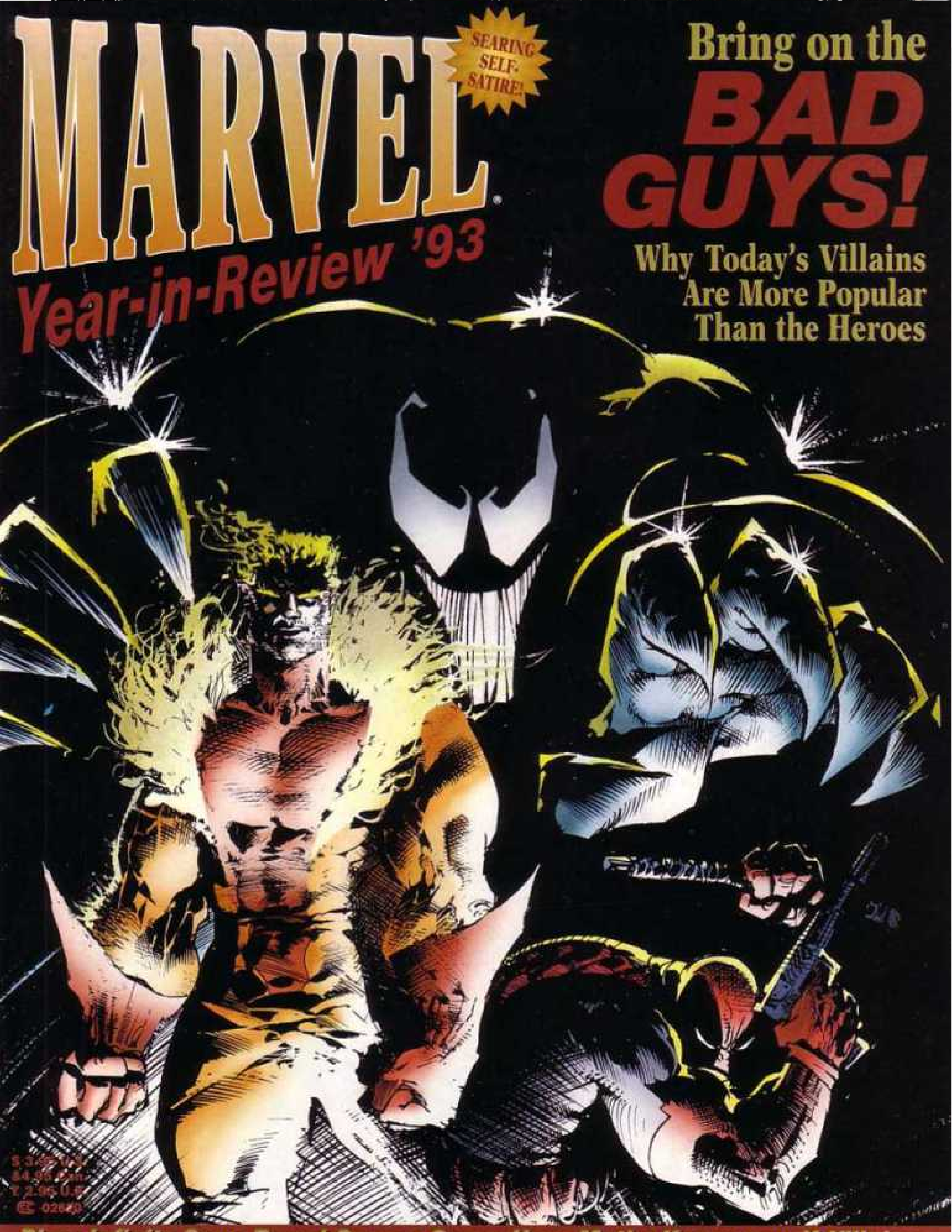

MARVEL
SEARING SELF-SATIRE!
Year-in-Review '93
Bring on the BAD GUYS!
Why Today's Villains Are More Popular Than the Heroes


"Hey, Deadpool, you just killed 87 people in your own Limited Series ... what are you going to do now?"
I'M GOIN' TO MURDERWORLD!
Hi, kids! Arcade, here, tellin' you to come on down to Murderworld: the Deadliest Place on Earth!
And remember, Wednesday's half-off day! From the waist down, that is!
MW
MURDERWORLD®

MARVEL INSIDE
Year-in-Review '93™

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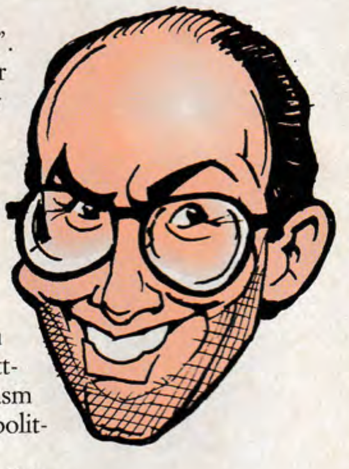
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B L A T H E R

From the Editor

It's become chic of late to snidely observe that super hero comics are "adolescent male power fantasies". Some debate has raged (well, *simmered,* really) over whether or not this buzzword-esque phrase is really an accurate description of our medium, but few have taken the time or brain cells to consider the ramifications of the term's very existence.



After all, this semi-derogatory label implies that most super hero comics readers are frustrated pubescent boys who really wish they were gamma-charged, laser-shooting, wall-crawling, energy-spewing butt-kickers. Now I know that *you* aren't that pathetic, since you slapped down $3.95 and tax to watch those so-called butt-kickers slowly dragged across the searing coals of Sarcasm and Satire; but what if there's even a *grain* of truth in that politically incorrect expression which applies to you?

Well, if there is (and, please, be honest with yourself here, I'm trying to help) then let's put that little "power fantasy" to bed right now, shall we? You *don't* want to be a super hero. Yes, I know super heroes have cool powers and adoring fans. But super heroes also have editors and writers, and, perhaps even worse, super heroes have sales figures.

You see, if you were a Marvel super hero, your life would have to be interesting enough to keep at least 100,000 readers transfixed every month. And if your life wasn't interesting enough, you can bet that Mr. Editor and Mr. Writer would make sure it got *real* interesting, *real* fast …

Matt's sales are taking a hit? Bang! Then *Matt* takes a hit — he loses his job, his girlfriend becomes a drug addict, his house blows up, and hey, let's make it interesting. He goes nuts, attacks somebody bigger than he is and gets the living bejeezus beaten out of him.

What, you say Logan's slipping in the Direct Market? No problem, we'll rip out his spine. Heck, tear the whole freakin' skeleton out, *that* oughta do it.

Johnny's gonna have to come off the Newsstand? Wait, give us another month — we'll blow half his body away and replace it with metal.

Stephen's sales ain't got that special magic anymore? Okay, blow his house up too, only make sure he's *in* the house when it goes!

Oh, and you — yeah, *you* — have you taken a look at your life lately? Are you sure you've got enough conflict, enough subplots, enough enemies, enough physical pain, personal tragedy, and emotional angst? 'Cause we can fix all that in one month — just watch us.

"Adolescent male power fantasies"? Geez, for your sake, I should hope *not* …

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Special Thanks to Whitey Gonzalez and his Amazing Wall-O-Stats

HaTe MAiL

Send it to: MARVEL COMICS, Marvel Year-In-Review '93, 387 Park Avenue South, New York NY 10016. Don't forget to include your full name and home address. Your letter may be edited for purposes of clarity or space — or just to reflect a viewpoint we'd rather you had, usually to fulfill our deep-rooted need for acceptance and love.

To the Editor:

I bought *Marvel Year-in-Review '92*. I loved the ads and the drawings. Will you have a *Year-In-Review '93*?

Billy Joe Johnson
Harrison, TN

No.

Dear Editor, Sir:

I've just finished reading your *MYIR '92* and I think it's the best thing since sliced bread, or maybe even the invention of Groundhog Day. I know I'm breaking one of the fine rules of typing etiquette by typing this letter in the double-spaced mode. But my eyes are blown because you guys had me reading the fine, fine print that contains all the publishing info beneath the letter (BLATHER) from the editor. So I have to type in double-space just so I can see my typing errors.

MYIR was so funny, I barfed my liver through my nose. *MYIR* was the first magazine I've *ever* read from cover to cover. All you guys and gals put just too much effort and sweat into such a fine piece of artwork. Really.

Thomas S. Faulk
Dickson, TN

We know. That's why we put so much less *effort into this year's edition.*

Dear Mr. Skolnick:

Your pet project, *Marvel Year-In-Review '92*, is the third such book that I have picked up from Marvel in as many years. If the style of this offering is indeed the way these "year-end review" projects are going to look from now on, then it's also going to be the last one I bother with.

I suppose I should have known, after reading your editorial in this issue, that you and I were not on the same wavelength regarding what the book should be like, and that consequently I would be grossly disappointed in what I saw ... and recognizing this, I should have put it back on the shelf. But I was in a hurry that day, and made the mistake of assuming that the satirical stuff would be kept to the same relatively harmless level that it was at in the 1991 edition. Never again, I assure you.

The totally satirical approach you took angers me. If I want to see Marvel satirize itself, I can pick up the latest of *What the—?!* for that. [*Not anymore! — ed.*] Indeed, I collect every issue of that book and enjoy it a great deal. The type of thing you're doing here would look great as an annual for that series [*Ouch! Now* that *hurt!*] if you feel that's what you have to do. But as Marvel's "official" look back at the previous year, I'm sorry ... it just doesn't make it for me. So, if that's what I can expect from any future editions, you'll have to count me out.

David Peattie
Concord, CA

Well ... would you buy it if we printed your letter?

Dear *Marvel Year-In-Review '92* Staff:

I just thought I would write to congratulate your team on another fine job they've done on this year's *Marvel Year-In-Review.*

So I put together some words to describe your magazine: witty, wild, funny and great. What more can I say that you don't already know?

Shuja M. Khwaja
London, England

A very *good question, Shuja. Normally we'd say "nothing", but our thesaurus tells us there were about 80 superlatives you might have missed in there. Try again next year; thanks for playing.*

Dear Editor:

Loved your *MYIR '92*, especially the cover story regarding the embarrassing pasts of Marvel's hottest super heroes. The "create-your-own-hero" chart at the end of the article was frighteningly helpful ... you gotta tell me, did the X-Men 2099 guys get their names from this chart or what?

Chris Andersen
Springfield, IL

Believe it or not, Meanstreak, Metalhead, Skullfire and Bloodhawk are not *possible name permutations from the infamous chart ... but we agree, they should have been. In the future, watch out for Darkraven, Deathstalker, Ironhawk, and Night Master — it's only a matter of time ...*

Dear Marvel Folks,

I know this letter is reaching you quite a while after *Marvel Year-In-Review '92* hit the stands, but it took this long before I could sit down and write a somewhat rational letter without getting personal.

I've enjoyed the past issues of *Marvel 19XX — The Year in Review* because it was just that, a review of the goings-on in the Marvel Universe. Unfortunately I cannot afford to buy all the Marvel titles, so this helped me keep tabs on what's happening. I enjoyed the satire, especially in the ads. But the bottom line was a reporting of the past year.

To say I disliked what you did to the publication this year would be a major understatement. Unfortunately my dealer doesn't give a money-back guarantee if you are misled by the product. [*Especially when the product screams, "New Format", "New Attitude" and "Scathing Self-Satire" on its cover, right? — ed.*]

If you wanted such a satirical, parody-type of magazine, why didn't you do it with a new title?

Richard Pfister
Columbus, OH

What, another *one of you guys? Okay, look, here's the deal. If you want Marvel news, you got MARVEL AGE. If you want Marvel data, there's MARVEL UNIVERSE HANDBOOK. If you want to know exactly what happened in all your favorite Marvel titles last year, then BUY THEM!!*

But if you want biting, acerbic satire, this is the only *place to get it! Got it? THIS MAGAZINE IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY! FUUUNNY! IF YOU DON'T HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR, DON'T BUY THIS!*

(Whoops, too late ...)

Dear Evan Skolnick,

Hi, my name is Delton Schoates. I am in the 8th grade and I would like to congratulate you on a job well done. This year's *Review* was almost as good as last year's *Review.*

I really enjoyed the sections "Marvel 2099: What you won't be seeing" and "There Goes the Neighborhood". The Classifieds were really good, too. The two sections "Don't Try This at Home!" and "Sid Lefkowitz's Mighty Marvel Matchups" were great.

I loved the book, but I also have a few complaints, like what happened to the Top 10 Best Dressed Heroes and Villains and the Top 10 Worst Dressed Heroes and Villains? Another complaint is what happened to the Punisher's fifth finger on page 27?

Delton Shoates
Decatur, GA

They're all in Heaven now, Delton.


ALPHA FLIGHT
Bonus Offer: Name half of the team members and you're in the group!
We're the Canadian Football League of super hero teams! (Except that, of course, our best heroes *don't* go to the U.S. and join the Avengers.) But if super-villains ever threaten Campbellton, New Brunswick, you'll be glad we're here!
Remember, that name is
ALPHA FLIGHT
"We Know Wolverine!"

SUPER-JOB RETRAINING

Not everyone is cut out to be a Marvel Super Hero ...

by Peter Sanderson

Thousands of letters flood our offices every week, filled with heartfelt praise from the legions of loyal Marvel fans across the free world. And many of these marvel-ous missives ask the question again and again, "How can I get the honor of working for the House of Ideas as a writer, or as an artist, or even as a Marvel super hero?"

Listen. Working at Marvel may look easy, but believe us — it's not. Even some people who might be considered top talents at other companies have a hard time getting work at mighty Marvel.

Take, for example, the case of two individuals who applied early in 1993 for positions as Marvel super heroes. They had already worked extensively for a rival comic book company, but were interested in defecting to Marvel.

We've been permitted to print excerpts from the Marvel Personnel Department's tape recordings and written files regarding these heroes' job applications and retraining. For reasons of privacy, we'll refer to the two men simply as "Bruce" and "Clark".

Day 1: Orientation

The job applicants, wearing trenchcoats with their hats pulled down over their eyes, arrive in the Marvel reception area and ask to see Editor in Chief Tom DeFalco. They claim to have an appointment.

This confirmed, the two applicants are escorted into the office of Mr. DeFalco. They remove their hats and coats and hand them to an intern, who comments on the heroes' lack of body armor.

Transcript of conversation in Mr. DeFalco's office follows:

DeFalco: Hey, howyadoin', fellas? Nobody at the Other Place saw you headin' over here, right? *(They shake their heads.)* I gotta tell ya, it's a real honor meetin' the two of you. So what can I do for you?

Clark: We're looking for work.

(Long pause.)

DeFalco: This some kinda joke? Did Jenette put you up to this—

Bruce: It's no joke. We're fed up with our bosses. We've been completely loyal to them, but now they claim we're old hat. You know what they're planning to do to us in order to boost our sales? *(Confidential whisper inaudible to recorder)*

Clark: Can you *believe* that? Fifty years of service, and for what —

DeFalco: Aaah, those guys! Whaddaya expect? I never knew why you two spent so many years working for those losers anyway.

Clark: So, uh, do you have anything available?

DeFalco: Well, guys, I gotta tell ya, the thing of it is, it's a lot different here at Marvel than you guys are used to. You might be too set in your ways, y'know?

Clark: We're willing to undergo job retraining. I mean, we don't want to sound desperate or anything, but you know, I'm not too thrilled with the idea of being beaten to —

DeFalco: Okay, tell ya what, I'm gonna give you a break. You guys aren't mutants, are ya?

Bruce: Uh, no. Sorry. Clark's an alien, though.

DeFalco: Eh, whatever. Hey, Bruce — no, not *you,* pointy-ears — c'mon in here. *(Bruce Banner, A.K.A. the Incredible Hulk, enters.)* This here's one of our biggest stars. And Bruce here is gonna be one of our newest stars. You guys know each other?

Bruce *(extends hand)***:** Good to see you again, Hulk.

Hulk: Yeah, right. *(Seizes Bruce's hand, whirls him around his head at high speed, and throws him out the window. Police reports later confirmed that Bruce landed in the East River, just shy of Brooklyn Heights.)*



DeFalco: Eh. Send Namor ta fish him out and bring 'im back here.
Clark: What was *that* for?!
DeFalco: Ah, ya see what I mean about things being different here? That's Rule Number One: whenever two Marvel heroes meet, they have to beat each other inta paste before they can team up. Makes Avengers meetings pretty noisy, lemme tell ya. *(Pause)* So, ya think you can do any better than your pal?
Clark: Well, I'd think so. The Hulk won't have it so easy with me, just watch.
DeFalco: Okay, Clark. Meet Galactus.
Clark: Nice to meet yoouuuuuaaaaiiiiieeee ... *(voice faded out as he reached escape velocity)*
DeFalco: Eh, I don't know if those two are gonna make it here.

Day 2: Physical Evaluation

The new applicants start induction procedures. Bruce has caught a cold from his dunking the night before; his Marvel physical exam is therefore postponed. Clark, however, seems merely scorched after his collision with Alpha Centauri, and is able to undergo the exam. The report from presiding Avengers physician Dr. Keith Kincaid begins as follows:

The Patient's physical build was found to be somewhat lacking in proportion, and I expressed this concern to the Patient. The Patient took umbrage to this comment, claiming that he "represented the highest pinnacle of human perfection" or some such nonsense.

I explained to the Patient that his shoulders were each barely twice as big as his head, and that Marvel proportions for cutting-edge heroes are far more exaggerated than that. The Patient remained convinced that his proportions were correct, so I called Cable in to act as a model.

Unfortunately, Cable entered whilst spraying the room with laser and machine gun fire, as he is wont to do. My nurses and I expected this — we quickly ducked and covered — but the Patient apparently did not. When the smoke cleared, the Patient lay on the floor, riddled with bullets and cut to shreds. He mumbled something about his "invulnerability", and seemed very perplexed at the sight of his own blood.

I explained to the Patient that his invulnerability no longer applied, since he was now on the Marvel medical plan. I outlined how his fast-healing ability would work, and reassured him that he would be good as new in five minutes.

The Patient then complained about the pain associated with the fast-healing ability. When I attempted to explain that deep, inner pain and angst is what makes someone a Marvel mutant hero, the patient merely snapped that he wasn't a mutant.

At that point, I outlined the physical training regimen I would be recommending to get the Patient's physique in line with that of Cable and other Marvel Super Heroes. The Patient expressed concern regarding Cable's relative brain size and wondered if his own I.Q. would be influenced. I reassured him that it would indeed.

Day 3: Reprogramming

The recruits are kept up all night watching episodes of the *X-Men* animated television show. In the morning, they are driven to a secluded retreat to be reprogrammed with the Marvel philosophy by specially chosen Marvel veterans.

Since his personality profile indicated he was previously an irredeemable Boy Scout, Clark is assigned to spend the day discussing truth, justice, and the American Way with Captain America. Later, even Cap acknowledges that he eventually fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Bruce is assigned to group sessions with various Marvel vigilantes. A partial transcript follows:

Punisher: So, how did you get into the business, Bruce?

Bruce: Well, it all started when a man stepped out of the darkness and shot a multi-millionaire doctor and his wife …

Silver Sable: Sounds like my kind of guy.

Bruce: What?! What do you mea —

Deadpool: Offing a doctor and his wife … man, I've never been hired to do that. Okay, I did whack a couple of veterinarians, but that was *personal.*

Venom: And this doctor made millions of dollars just from practicing medicine? We think there's something deliciously naughty going on there.

Punisher: He was probably grossly overcharging all his patients. Doctors are scum. They all deserve to *die!*

Bruce: How — how can you say tha —

Sabretooth: So this gunman inspired you to become a mercenary, huh? How much do you charge per job?

Bruce: No, no, I don't charge anything! I'm already rich.

Terror: Oh, right, you got all the doc's money! So you just kill people for sheer sport? Highly unprofessional, but I can see the appeal.

Bruce: My God … what kind of —

Solo: What kind of firepower do you use?



Bruce: I don't use guns, you animal! The only weapon I use is this!

Elektra: What, a funny-looking boomerang? Even Daredevil's got a club, for Pete's sake!

Siege: Doesn't it even explode on contact?

Bruce: No, you madman! You're all insane — psychotic! How can you call yourselves heroes —

Sabretooth: What a wuss! Get 'im!

Bruce: Aaiiigh!

Day 4: Graduation

Battered, bruised, exhausted but unbroken, Bruce and Clark hobble on their new crutches into Tom DeFalco's office, resplendent in their new costumes. Clark wears a black body suit and carries an enormous hammer, and his hair is about three inches longer. Bruce is garbed in a glittering blue-and-gold armored version of his old costume that is so heavy he can barely stand. Transcript reads as follows:

DeFalco: Eh, I can't believe it! You survived Basic Training! Way to go, guys.

Clark: Mr. DeFalco, we're sorry. You had some great ideas for how to revamp us, but it just didn't work out.

DeFalco: Whaddaya talkin' about, you made it! You're gonna be Marvel super heroes! Killin', dyin', comin' back from the dead, gettin' your annual Evil Twins … it's gonna be great!

Bruce: No, it's not. Maybe this is the way super heroes of today are supposed to be … but it's not for us.

DeFalco: Eh, you sayin' you'd rather get your back broken and die than be Marvel super heroes?

Clark: Well … yes.

DeFalco: Hey, Galactus, get back in here …

"I created a new character for Marvel and all I got was this lousy trading card!"

by Tom Brevoort and Mike Kanterovich



In this tumultuous time of upstart comic book companies, new universes are springing up like wildflowers — and causing even more allergic reactions. It seems as though a tidal wave of titans in tights has washed onto the beaches of our nation's comic book shops.

And here, in the hallowed halls of Marvel, the top minds at the House of Ideas have worked feverishly to add their own little splash to this torrential wave. Each of the 1993 Marvel Annuals has spawned a brand-spanking new character — collectively known as the Superstars of Tomorrow! And, if these politically-correct paragons are any indication of the level of creativity active in the field today, then the comic book world has a *lot* to look forward to in the coming years.

For, not since World War II — the halcyon days of Madame Satan, the Fin and the Thunderer — has such a diverse collection of do-gooders been foisted upon the unsuspecting reading public. How were these new Marvel superstars created, you ask? What burst of inspiration resulted in this cream of the crop, certainly the equal of any other new heroes created in 1993? Well, believe it or not, just a few simple elements went into the gestalt of Marvel's newest, best hope for the future. They are represented by simple bullets, which are described as follows:

CURSED — Everyone loves a character with a curse. It's a dark, depressing cross one has to bear, and an unending source of the angst that is the hallmark of the Marvel style. Plus it's a ticket to sinister, mysterious, demonic powers, the likes of which made Ghost Rider a proven seller.

PHYSICALLY CHALLENGED — It's cool to be relevant, and what's more relevant than the plight of the physically infirm? Plus it's politically correct to have paraplegic super heroes! (Remember when mighty Marvel gave you the first Black super hero, the Black Panther? *We're hip!*) And again, this is a proven source of a few cheap, gut-wrenching scenes of angst and personal torment, as a handful of Hollywood movies will surely attest!

ARMOR — Face it, real super powers are way too unbelievable to today's sophisticated readers. Fans want something more realistic — like armor sturdy enough to withstand any force yet lightweight enough to be worn like a leisure suit and collapsed into a briefcase. Now *that's* realistic. And even better if it comes with big guns.

MUTANT (OR MUTANT WANNABE) — The great equalizer, the all-purpose origin. Good for those tough deadline crunches when you don't have time to come up with something original, this is a twofold blessing, as your new *wünderkind* is certain to end up in one of the X-Men titles sooner or later.

ETHNIC — It takes all kinds of people to make the world go around, and for every fifty or so blond, blue-eyed Aryan race prototypes, there ought to be at least one role model for the rest of humanity (or at least the paying customers). *So what* if nearly all the writers are white male suburbanites — at Marvel, it's the characters who count!

LAME NAME — Some of the most popular heroes and villains have the dumbest names. You don't believe us? Okay, ask Thunderstrike, Marvel Boy and Nimrod. And if you're having a hard time coming up with a lame name, relax! Just look around your home … they'll leap right out at you. Right, Cable, Cloak and Rock?

KILLER ROBOT — Hey, you saw *Terminator.* Pretty scary, huh? Think of how much more effective that'd be on the printed page! And it positively *drips* with gritty realism! Talk about scary —!

ZERO IMAGINATION — Stuck for an idea? No problemo! Just watch the latest big-budget Hollywood blockbuster or hit TV show. Then borrow, borrow, borrow! Or just do more of the same shticks you've been doing for months!

And Now ... Meet The Not-Ready-For-Direct-Market Players!

ANNEX

An amputee Desert Storm veteran who creates new limbs and powerful weapons out of liquid B.R.E.W. (tastes lame, more killing!). Way to cover those bases, guys — we'll have that beer-swilling war casualty readership cornered for sure!



THE ASSASSIN

Psychotic killer robot disguised as a Japanese geisha-girl boy-toy. Earns extra points (and gains that important mutant connection) for having been built by Apocalypse. Now if he can just figure out a name that describes what he does …

BATTLING BANTAM

Hispanic boxing super hero. Almost a better Hispanic role model than the White Tiger (but not quite). And that costume! Bright yellow fin + chin guard = scared bad guys! Clearly a Dada-ist classic in the making!

BLOOD WRAITH

When Irish Squire Sean Dolan draws blood with the Black Knight's cursed sword, what do you get? A darker, meaner version of the Knight's old, discarded shticks. Ah, well, at least they won't go to waste — and "dark knight" is a proven seller!

THE CADRE

Not real mutants, but an incredible simulation! These guys not only each win their own Lame Name bullet (Shard, Vortex and Dementia), but they're picked up from old Moon Knight continuity! You can count on one hand the number of readers who'll appreciate *that*.

CHARON

When in doubt, open with the origin of Batman, bring back a few lame jokes that didn't work the first time, then fight, fight, fight!

DARKLING

None too bright, this crack-baby gone bad has all the powers of the Darkforce Dimension … and more! Fade to black …

DREAM-KILLER

When this guy focuses his negative emotions through his cursed mystic talisman, a powerful astral entity goes forth from his sleeping body to carry out his vengeance. Well, now we know that *someone* was reading SLEEPWALKER …





ERADIKATOR-6

Lifelike robotic killing machine. Make that boring, nondescript robotic killing machine.

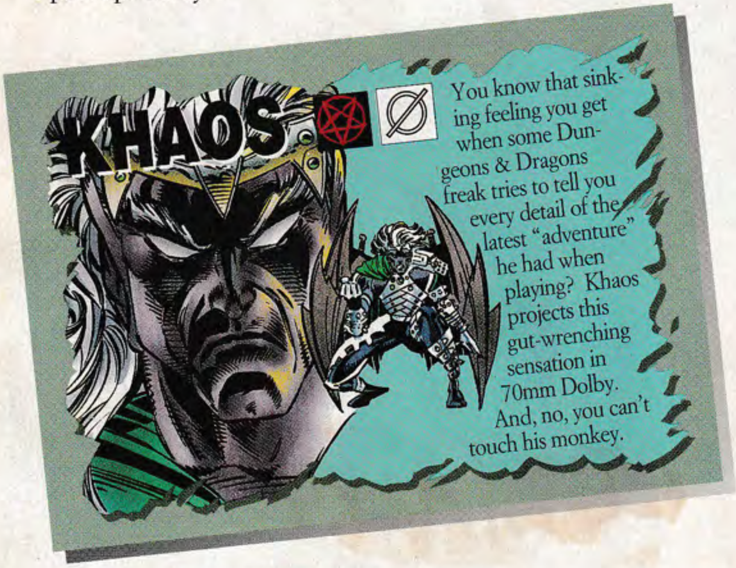


THE FLAME

That's the name! Ask him again and he'll — oh, forget it. This guy earned his "Physically Challenged" bullet by being physically repulsive to Asgardian fire demons. Man, that is *tough!* What a road to hoe! Imagine if that happened to *you!*

HIT-MAKER

Disabled Hispanic ex-gang member who uses a suit of armor that allows him to walk, and also helps him to figure out which songs will make it into the Top 40. Well, actually, we just made that last part up. Sorry.



KYLLIAN

Another Irishman! (Maybe they should start a line of comics — that'd be a real milestone.) This one's got strange mystic birthmarks that fire bolts of force when he's threatened. Who wants to bet he goes the way of deceased ex-Dr. Strange disciple Rintrah? Sheesh, that Doc'll teach the mystic arts to anyone!

LAZARUS

Returned from the dead for revenge on his murderers: his wife and his business partner. Which makes us wonder … who gets the house?





NOCTURNE

African-American lady cop turned into a winged creature of the night by one of Baron Zemo's leftover mutates from a recent Spider-Man plotline. Hey, least she didn't call herself Nosferata.

PHALANX

You know, it's kind of a waste to create new characters for the Punisher's books. If they're Frank's enemies, they get shot dead after an appearance or two. If they're Frank's friends, they get shot dead after an appearance or two.



X-CUTIONER

Disgruntled FBI agent (apparently with a vendetta against the letter "e") who uses the weapons of such awesome X-Men foes as Erik the Red and the Porcupine to hunt down today's mutants. Nice head.



TRACER

A Jewish Yuppie who gives himself temporary super powers so he can hunt down superhumans, whom he despises. This, of course, is the sociological equivalent of a KKK member dressing up in blackface before making his rounds. Rather than a new series, this guy would probably be better off with a good therapist.

WILDSTREAK

Crippled female African-American Olympic hopeful who uses a suit of powerful armor to allow her to walk. Where have we heard this one before? Still, Wildstreak dodges the "Lame Name" and "Zero Imagination" bullets by ditching her original super hero name, the Black Marvel.

… And the Ones That Got Away

Believe it or not, there were some characters who didn't make the cut for the Superstars of Tomorrow. That's right … they were too weak even to fit in with this bunch. Here's a peek.

LEGUMBÉ

Upon drinking a tainted bottle of Fizzy Cola, Hispanic gang member Juan Garcia gained the power to bounce and generate a foul-smelling gas. Renouncing his evil ways, Legumbé now tries to bring peace and free soft drinks to the 'hood!

SYMPATICO

Street vigilante Billy Carlon grieves for the people he beats up, because he can feel their pain. And since he himself feels he should be punished for beating people up, he roams the night streets, beating people up and thereby meting out his own bizarre brand of sadomasochistic justice!

BOY-TOY

When mousy librarian Yvette Johnston's mutant powers manifested themselves, she became the living embodiment (and we do mean em-*body*-ment) of a comic book female. Realizing she had to use her newfound measurements for the benefit of society, she petitioned to join the Avengers. Now Boy-Toy flashes her gams to distract both criminals and ostracized overgrown adolescents alike!

THE ANGLE

Sometimes he's kind acute, sometimes he's obtuse, but he's seldom right! Not much is known about the history of the man called the Angle — and what *is* known is more than anyone cares about!

X-PRESS

After years of providing laundry services for Professor Xavier's School For Gifted Mutants, wheelchair-bound cleaning man Pan Fo Hwat's very body was affected by the minute traces of radiation in the garments he washed, granting him superhuman speed. Now, as X-Press, he employs his superswiftness in cleaning up the messes made by malevolent mutant menaces everywhere!

On a recent globe-trotting archeological treasure hunt, Marvel Financial Guru Sid Lefkowitz unearthed a bevy of priceless treasures from Marvel's golden past. Now he's back and ready to unleash these ancient wonders on the modern world! Let's take a sneak peek at...



Sid Lefkowitz's ASTOUNDING ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES!

As Reported by Ken Levine and Marc Siry

Friends, Romans, Comic Fans! Thrill to the adventures of

CAPTAIN ROMANVS

(Taken from a temple wall in Pompeii, published around 67 A.D.)



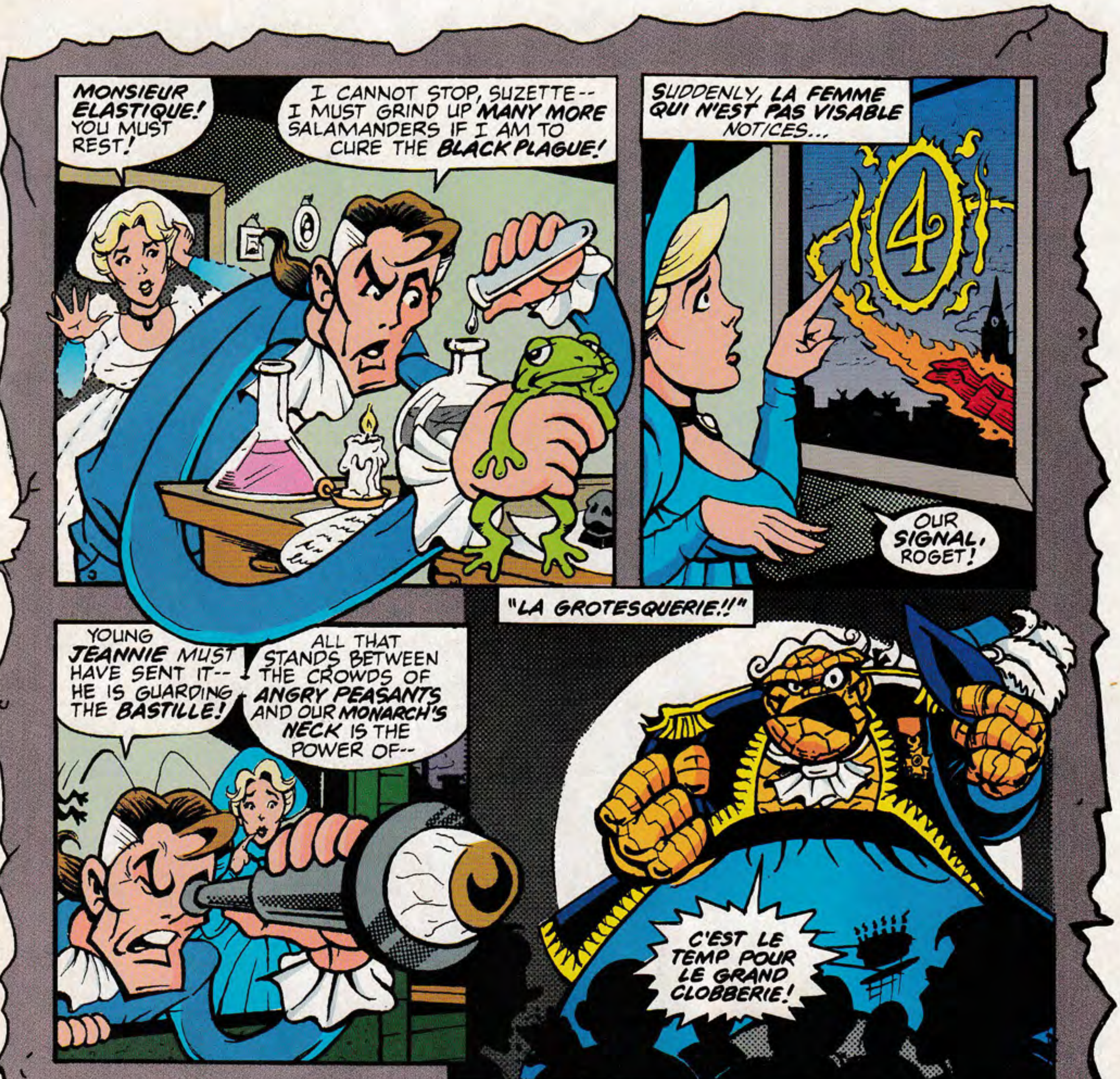
Alas, rising bas-relief costs and invading barbarian hordes forced cancellation of CAPTAIN ROMANVS in 77 A.D.!



Let them eat cake, and read the adventures of Pre-Revolutionary France's favorite adventurers ...

Les Quatres Fantastiques







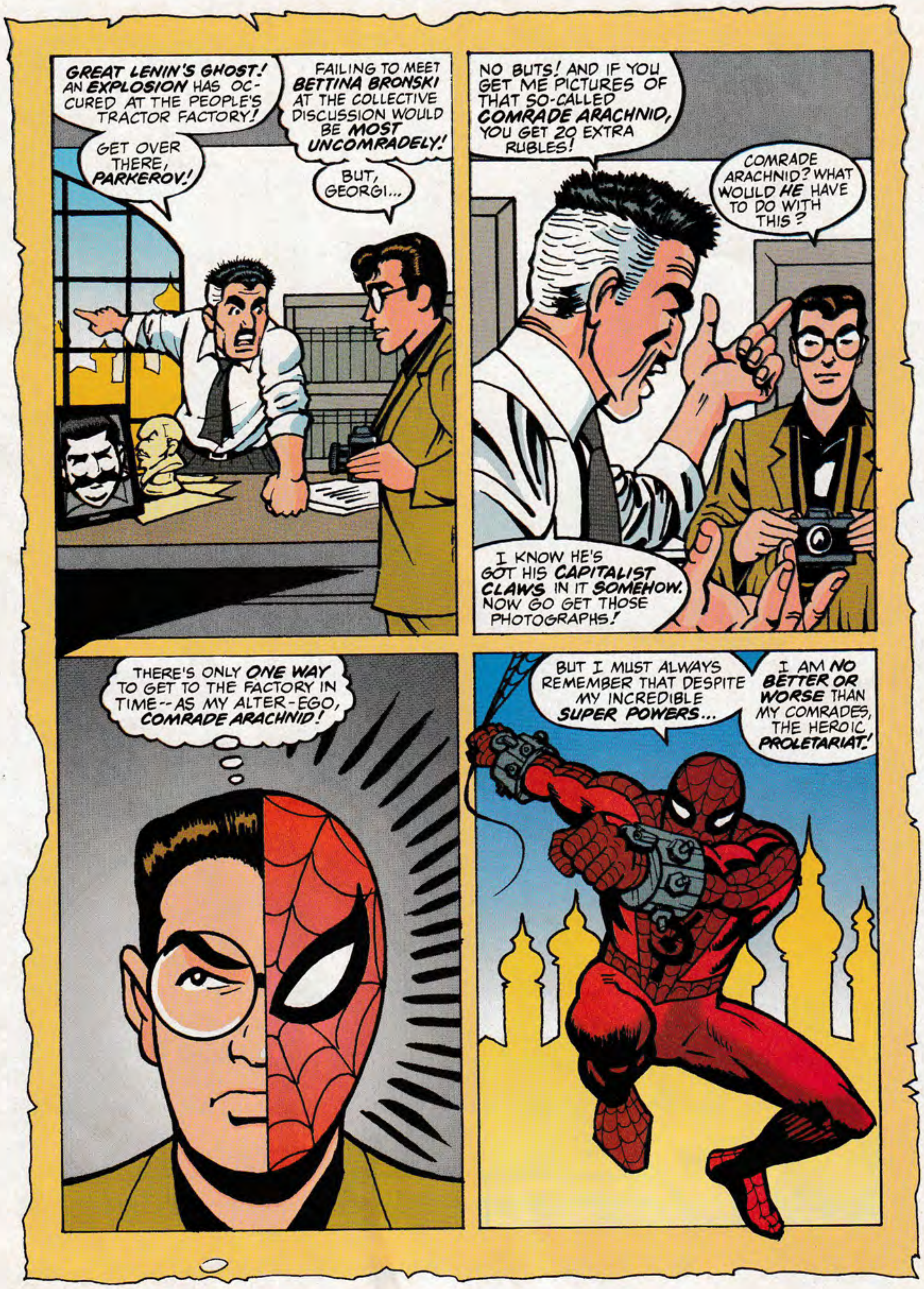
No happy ending here, folks ... LES QUATRES FANTASTIQUES is the only Marvel comic besides KICKERS, INC. to lose its entire creative team to the guillotine!



COMRADE ARACHNID

Now that Uncle Sam's shown the Commies the error of their ways, nobody's afraid of the big, bad wolf!

This little morsel of culture shows us that people are the same everywhere, even if they're brainwashed and evil!





PREHISTORIC PUNISHER!





Magic Flags™
VS.
MURDERWORLD
A Dog's Point of View
The owners of this dog went to a Magic Flags theme park. And thanks to Magic Flags' many convenient locations, they'll be home in time to feed him!
The owners of this dog, however, went to Murderworld! No one ever came back to feed him, because no one survives Murderworld's fatal fun!
MURDERWORLD®
The Deadliest Place on Earth!

Bring on the Bad Guys!

Why Today's Villains are More Popular Than the Heroes



by Tom Brevoort and Mike Kanterovich

"Why must everything that's good for us taste so bad?"
— Chef Boyardee

Pandemonium erupts on a street corner in midtown New York. Dozens of bystanders mill around, keeping an eye on the proceedings from a safe distance. A cowering man cringes before some kind of overmuscled creature, clad head-to-toe in an ebony costume that seems to ripple and flow with his every move. Sunlight glints menacingly off row upon row of razor-sharp, twelve-inch long teeth as the monster bellows, "Vengeance will be served!"

Then, in a flash, it's over. Pedestrians shield their eyes as a splatter of blood stains the street, the result of multiple lacerations caused by the lightning-quick swipe of a multi-clawed hand. Moments later the police arrive, but by this time the vicious killer has swung up to

Good: ***Spider-Man***
Super hero with the proportionate strength of a spider

Better: ***Venom***
Obsessed lunatic with the proportionate strength of a spider

Even Better: ***Carnage***
Crazed serial killer with the proportionate strength of a spider

Best: ***Bile***
Cannibalistic madman with the proportionate strength and grotesque eating habits of a spider



the skyline, held aloft by living strands ofhis own repulsive epidermis.

And he's the *good* guy.

It seems incredible to contemplate, but many of today's top Marvel superstars — Sabretooth, Venom, and Deadpool, for example — are villains! Oh, they shield themselves in tattered cloaks of respectability, but it's not too hard to see the truth. After all, does a car thief really deserve to be disemboweled?

No, the more pressing question is this: why do these one-time blights on society now stir the interests of today's comic book readers, enough so that they can float their own highly successful Limited Series?

When Knights Were Bold

Things were a lot simpler in the early days of the Marvel Universe. Back then, Doctor Octopus would show up with some cockamamie plan to kill Spider-Man, both parties would meet in a conveniently abandoned part of the city, a few buildings would get knocked down, women would faint, and that would be the end of it. Your average bad guy wanted nothing more than to hold up a few discount fur outlets, make the good guy look like a sap, and then take off. You think the Melter actually wanted to *hurt* anyone?

Back then, there wasn't much risk in being a super-villain, because you knew every hero in creation had taken the Boy Scout oath: "I promise to do what's right, to never take human life under any circumstance — even when they really deserve it — to hold myself to the highest standards of the Comics Code Authority, to help old ladies across the street, to eat all of my vegetables, even the Brussels sprouts, to take my hat off in the presence of our flag, and to treat others decently, as I would like to be treated." The worst that could happen to a villain was he'd plummet dozens of stories into the river — to "certain doom" — and return three months later, ready to take up the fight again.

Things change.

Good: ***Captain America***
Liberalistic flag-waving symbol of democracy

Better: ***U.S.Agent***
Extremist right-wing hard-nosed American

Best: ***The Patriot Missile***
"Blow all them foreigners to Hell and let God sort 'em out!"



Good: ***Thor***
Norse God of Thunder

Better: ***Thunderstrike***
Norse God of Thunder from Brooklyn

Best: ***Godhead***
Convinced he is God. Holed up in his compound, waiting for Ragnarok



Black is White

It all started in the Seventies with the appearance of "heroes" like the Punisher and Wolverine. Instead of being hurled into a swirling dimensional vortex to seeming oblivion, a super-villain was now more likely to take a bullet to the brain, or a claw through the heart! Committing crimes and fighting super heroes became *dangerous!*

No wonder the bad guys started behaving a little rowdier — can you blame 'em? Suddenly, villains like Doctor Doom — who'd up till now pranced around with an air of menace but never actually *did* anything to anybody — started bumping off people left and right ... some of 'em just for snoring too loudly!

And it's getting harder and harder to remember a time when heroes-gone-hardcore such as Phoenix and Yellowjacket had to be brought to heel for their less-than-heroic actions. Today they'd be headlining two books apiece, with guest appearances galore. Think about it: cosmic genocide and spouse abuse pale in comparison to the omnipresent threat of street hoods with guns.

"It's a different world out there," confirms Cyclops, leader of television's *Uncanny X-Men.* "I remember when I started going to Xavier's school back in the 1960s. It was like a family then. Sure, we'd short-sheet each others' beds from time to time, but nothing more than that. These days, with the likes of Sabretooth on the team, things are so bad around here that I'm forced to strap my costume onto my body to keep my teammates from running off with it! It's obscene!"

The Heroes You Hate to Love

So what is it that lends "super heroes"such as Sabretooth, Venom and Deadpool their incredible popularity? It can't be their looks — cheap knock-offs of Wolverine, Spider-Man and Spider-Man, respectively. It could, however, be their approach to life; testosterone is always in demand in the popular media, and a temperament prone to violent behavior is an appealing trait in friends and family.

Good: ***Wolverine***
Savage killing machine with the soul of a Samurai

Better: ***Sabretooth***
Uncontrollable, savage killing machine with the attitude of a psychopath

Best: ***Clawjaw***
Unhousebroken, uncontrollable killing machine with poor bodily hygiene



Good: *Iron Man*
High-tech armored Avenger

Better: *War Machine*
High-tech armored Avenger with an attitude

Best: *Terror Device*
High-tech armored Avenger with two attitudes and plausible deniability



But maybe the true secret behind the new villain-heroes' popularity is their unaccountability — no matter how many laws they break, or how many body bags they leave in their wake, we all know they'll be coming back for more … and they'll never really be punished for their misdeeds! In many ways, they're more reliable than the goody-goody super heroes they fight!

Of course, does anyone stop to question the fact that Venom running free in his own Limited Series — and being *allowed* to run free by Spider-Man himself — is akin to Charles Manson being released to hunt down the really *bad* cultists?

No, Chef Boyardee, you haven't quite hit the problem on the head. It's this: Why must everything that's bad for us taste so *good?*

Lock Those Deadbolts

And where does it all end? Sabretooth lunchboxes?

Still Sticking Tight to Stardom

In these days of flash-in-the-pan success stories and ultraviolent anti-heroes, there remains a single still-successful super hero who, for over thirty years, has held himself to a strict — and some would say outdated — code of heroic behavior: the Amazing Spider-Man. How has America's favorite web-slinger managed to maintain his popularity when other similarly sanctified super heroes such as Captain America, Deathlok and the Fantastic Four have become the objects of scorn and ridicule? *Marvel Year-In-Review* probed the wall-crawler on these very points, and found that his back-lot trailer persona is somewhat … different … than his spotless public image.



Marvel Year-In-Review: You're looking well, Spidey.

SM: I get a lot of exercise. I'm doing four monthly books now, plus the Unlimited, the Lethal Foes job and assorted bookshelf projects. So I manage to stay pretty trim.

MYIR: Speaking of the Lethal Foes of Spider-Man, how do you feel about some of your deadliest enemies getting their own Limited Series?

SM: Well, a guy with as many gigs as I'm holding down can hardly complain about the competition. But to tell the truth, I'm feeling kind of used. The only reason anyone fights me anymore is so they can get their own title.

MYIR: You're talking mainly about Venom here, correct?

SM: Well, yeah. I mean, I brought Eddie into the business. He was nothing but an out-of-work reporter before I came along. But this whole stardom thing has gone to his head. He says I didn't respect him as an artist; that I never asked him why he thought our battles were so popular.

MYIR: Our sources tell us that you're currently involved in some heavy litigation with Venom.

SM: I didn't really want to get into that, but if you must know, there's a bitter legal battle over trademarks going on. See, in wearing my old costume, Eddie is effectively trading on my name and likeness, and that's a violation. His lawyers claim that since I aban-

Good: *Green Hulk*
Mindless rampaging monster

Better: *Gray Hulk*
Intelligent rampaging monster

Even Better: *New Green Hulk*
Intelligent rampaging monster with a big gun

Best: *Red Hulk*
Intelligent rampaging monster with a big gun and razor-sharp claws



Venom Underoos? ("Coated with realistic symbiote slime!") Deadpool as a spokesman for Ginsu? ("It can cut through a tin can and still deliver a nice, clean slice to the ol' jugular!") Carnage-O's sugar frosted cereal? ("Turns your milk the color of freshly-spilled entrails!")

Plus, once all of the good villains become heroes, who are they all gonna fight? I suppose they could all take each other on, but as "Maximum Carnage" proved beyond any doubt, that gets stale real fast. Perhaps this heroic migration portends a new golden age for humanity. At least one noted sociologist has theorized that by the year 2099, the super hero as we know him may well be the victim of natural selection, becoming an ill-remembered relic.

But for now, the bottom line remains: If you're a super hero and you don't have a gun or an attitude, get 'em. And keep an eye on the guy standing next to you!

---

doned the costume, it's fair game. They've even gone so far as to counter-sue for back child support on the outfit! Can you believe that bull —

MYIR: But didn't you yourself originally copy that costume design from the new Spider-Woman?

SM: Hey, watch it, will you? That chick's an Avenger now, and they have all kinds of high-powered legal help on tap! You print that and things could get very sticky for you, believe me!

MYIR: Uh-huh. Any chance for a reunion with Venom?

SM: I don't see it happening. We're two different people now. And besides, I still have Carnage.

MYIR: For years now your motto has been "With great power there must also come great responsibility", correct?

SM: That's right.

MYIR: Then how can you let admitted mass murderers like the Punisher and Venom run around loose?

SM: Hey, I've got great responsibility — to my family. To keep the bucks rolling in.

MYIR: I … see. Well, how is it that you can hold to what are now considered quaint notions about the use of lethal force in your profession and still maintain your draw power, when so many others have failed?

SM: Simple. As newspaper photographer Peter Parker, I do my own PR. I take the photos, I write the copy. So I can put a good spin on anything. If you don't believe me, look at Maximum Carnage!

MYIR: Speaking of your secret identity, we don't get to see all that much of you as Parker during your adventures anymore. Those soap opera elements used to be a hallmark of your stories. What happened?

SM: Oh, I still have personal problems. I just got tired of airing my dirty laundry in public all the time, figuratively speaking. And when you're as rich as I am, you don't have to! In fact, you know all of those Mary Jane lingerie shots?

MYIR: Yeah?

SM: Body double. Except for in SPECTACULAR. Mary Jane does her own work there. Otherwise, it's nothing but high-priced supermodels. I do have an image to live up to, after all.

MYIR: I … I'm surprised at your cynicism.

SM: Look, kid, when you've done this as long as I have, you come to realize that it just doesn't matter. "Great power, great responsibility" is fine for the business cards and autographed photos, but always get what's coming to you.

THE HIGH ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT WORKOUT

"Whaddaya mean, 'unstable' molecules?"

Recent shocking disclosures by environmental busybodies have sent the public images of super heroes plummeting lower than Mephisto's root cellar. Suddenly everyone wants to know which is worse for the ozone layer, Nova's cosmic trail or Hobgoblin's bat-glider. People are starting to ask exactly what those Avengers Quinjets run on. Ordinary folks want to know how close it's safe to stand near a radioactive gal like the She-Hulk.

The panic seems to have been started by a recent episode of the stately late-night journal *Newsline,* on which it was reported that several Pro-Green organizations (including the Society for the Preservation of Disease and Save the Vermin!) would be seeking injunctions against a number of heroes. They also demanded investigations of others who, in their words, "present a clear and ever-present threat to the ecosystem through irresponsible use of super-abilities of dubious merit".

If upheld, the injunctions could require the target heroes to severely curtail certain activities, as well as file environmental impact statements detailing their effects on the environment.

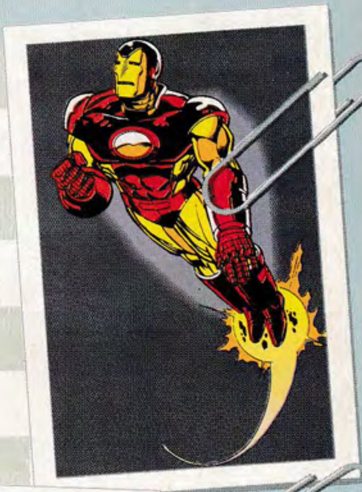
The planet protectors were cagey about releasing exact details of their actions, offering some lame excuse about "legal prohibitions concerning the discussion of a suit in motion". So, being associated with the bastion of journalistic integrity that is Marvel Year-In-Review, we complied, grabbing only a medium-sized stack of confidential documents when the Greenfreaks weren't looking.

Here are some choice sections, lifted directly from the lifted documents.

IRON MAN and WAR MACHINE

Multiple offenses. Strange radiation from force fields and power rays, suspicious exhaust from jet boots, enagage in man-to-man chemical and gas warfare, often in high-risk industrial areas. Reports on environmental impact of the Iron Man combat armor (especially earlier versions) is strongly recommended.





FANTASTIC FOUR

Also priority targets. Maintain several suspect vehicles as well as research facilities generating UNKNOWN quantities of UNKNOWN radiation. Also, there are many questions to be answered regarding exhaust of Human Torch.



THE HULK

On-site radiation readings at recent public appearances indicate subject is a walking Chernobyl. High incidence of mutation and/or odd behavior in close associates: Rick Jones, Doctor Leonard Samson, Betty Ross-Talbot-Banner, Jennifer Walters (AKA She-Hulk), several lab assistants.







SPIDER-MAN

Must back claims that webbing "dissolves after an hour" with explanation. Dissolves into WHAT? Toxic goo? Harmful gas?





THE AVENGERS, CABLE, KANG, and other time-travelers

Several dozen cases of spontaneous appearance of useless and/or waste material CLEARLY NOT OF THIS TIME PERIOD have been documented. A partial list includes several smashed busts of Napoleon which, when reconstructed, were uniformly unflattering to the pudgy, dwarfish megalomaniac; an unexplained shower of newly-minted "He didn't get us in a war/So let's re-elect President Millard Fillmore" buttons in central Idaho; and several dozen parchment posters advertising "Ye Newe Smafhe Hitte Comedie – TAMING OF THE SHREWE – Now in seconde fortnight" popping up all over New Jersey. Subjects' knowledge of and responsibility for said phenomenon must be determined.

While laughable at first, second, and even eighth glance, the whiny eco-ists have a track record which is, by now, quite clear. Once committed to an ideal, they usually continue with their ceaseless, shameful pestering — excuse us, *intense lobbying* — until some form of restriction is put into effect. So goverment regulation of super hero emissions may be inevitable.

Will Ghost Rider switch to a gasohol cycle? Will the Punisher start using recyclable bullets? Check your local paper!

— Bob Washington

THE INFINITY SAGA BORED GAME

Hey, kids! Not sick of the yearly Infinity fest yet? Still got some loose change in your pocket that you're dying to drop on some half-baked epic strung together by pointless crossovers?

Well, thanks to the fine folks at *Marvel Year-In-Review,* now you can experience the same intense cosmic grandeur in the comfort of your own home with this, THE INFINITY SAGA BORED GAME! Think of the fun you and your gullible friends can have playing "Infinity Quest", "Infinity Showdown", "Infinity Feud" and a host of other excruciatingly repetitive and derivative cosmic sagas! It's safe and completely non-toxic!

Designed by
Tom Brevoort & Mike Kanterovich



RULES

Simply follow these instructions for a mind-expanding experience beyond belief!

1) Buy a second copy of this magazine. Do it. Right now. Cut out the playing pieces on the right-hand side of this page. Glue them down on a piece of cardboard (or the cover of the graphic novel of your choice). There! The cast has been assembled! You can have as many players as can afford copies of this magazine! Do *not* use subsitute playing pieces! We mean it! That would be bad!

2) Get yourself a six-sided die (singular of "dice", for those of you learning English as a second language).

3) Put your playing pieces on Start. Pushiest player goes first.

4) Roll the die. Move the number of squares shown on the die. Follow the instructions printed on the square you land on.

5) Thanos can cheat.

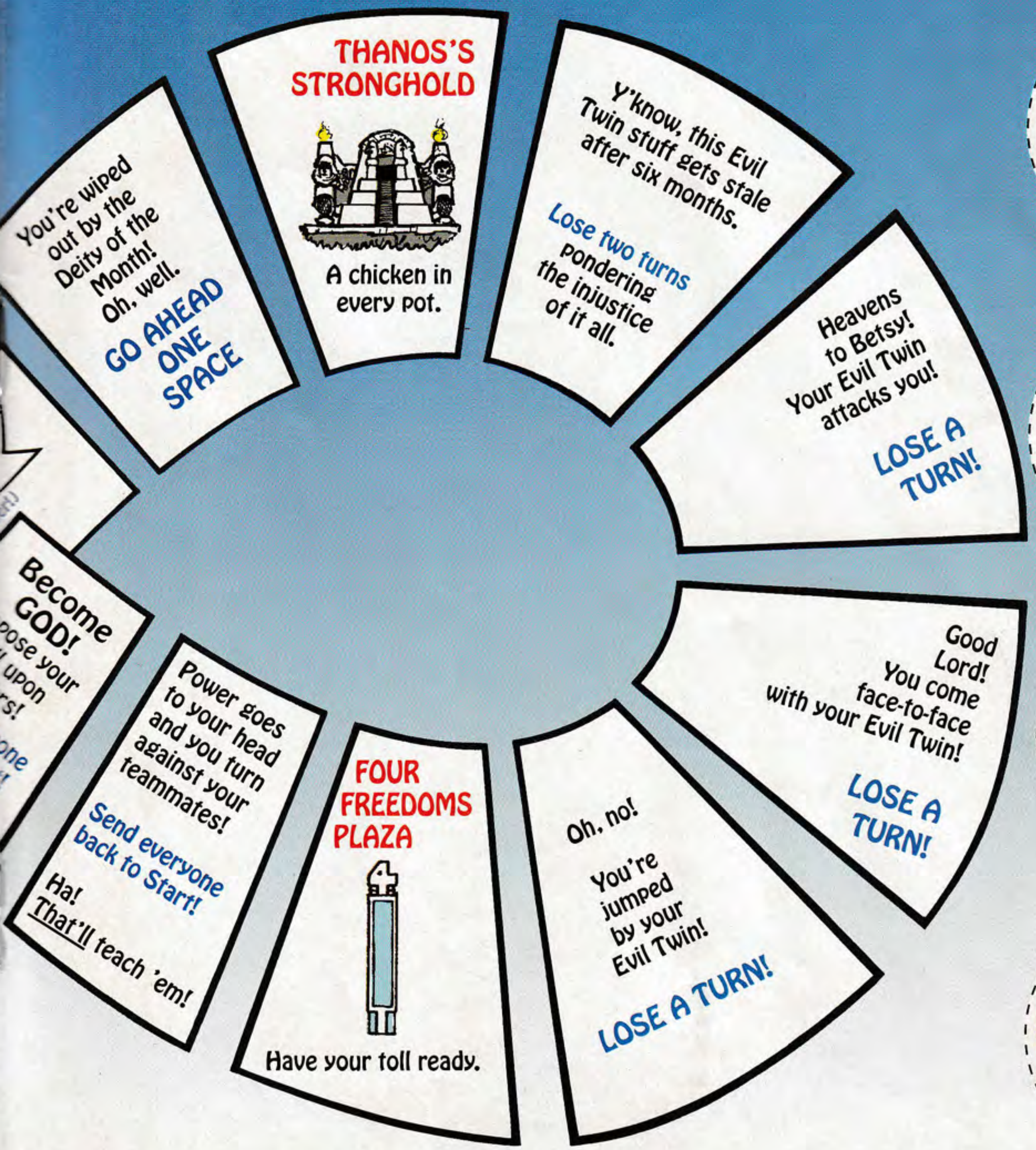
6) Warlock can cheat, but only in a good way.

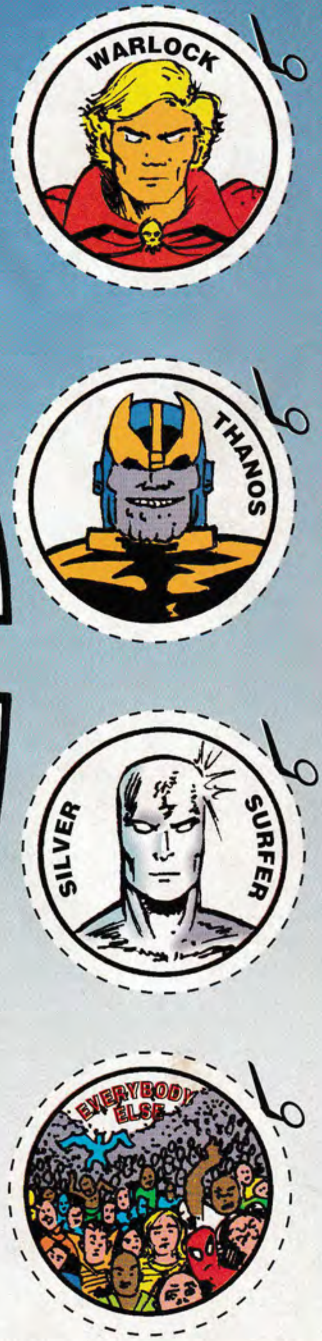
7) Cage, Deathlok, Silver Sable, Terror, Moon Knight and anyone else who couldn't make it in a solo series cannot play.

8) The X-Men and Spider-Man can play, though most likely they couldn't be bothered.

9) Everyone else *must* play! They need the sales boost!

10) Last player left standing wins!





BUTCHERING THE LANGUAGE

Morbius talks about buzzwords and the "supernatural hero"



Interview by D. G. Chichester

In the highly competitive field of biogenetic research, Dr. Michael Morbius stands alone — probably because he's a living vampire likely to tear out the throat of any colleague who gets too close. With the world about to enter a new millennium and simultaneously overrun with a host of new supernatural entities, we at Marvel Year-In-Review *thought it might make sense to have a little chat with one of these creatures of the night. More specifically, we asked the eminent Dr. Morbius to share his views on just where things-that-go-bump-in-the-night fit into the politically-correct Nineties.*

MARVEL YEAR-IN-REVIEW: Welcome, Dr. Morbius. Now, I'd like to start by asking —

DR. MICHAEL MORBIUS: Where's the donor?

MYIR: Excuse me?

MM: The donor! I have to feed soon, and I was promised that while we talked there would be a blood donor present to slake my unwholesome thirst!

MYIR: Oh, "donor"! The secretary thought you'd said "donut"! Let's see, there's a cherry-apple glazed one here, looks *kinda* gory …

MM: Do you dare mock my affliction, man? It's condescending attitudes like yours that condemn my kind to antiquated and derogatory labels like "vampire"!

MYIR: Okay, *here* we go. Are you suggesting something more "politically correct"?

MM: I'm just demanding a fair and accurately descriptive assessment of my condition: a nutritionally-deficient-hematologically-challenged person.

MYIR: Hmm. Just doesn't roll off the tongue like "bloodsucker"…

MM: *Your* tongue will fill my mouth unless I get some blood to feed on soon!

MYIR: That kind of attitude is not likely to win people over to your cause, Doctor.

MM: I'm — I'm sorry. The hunger is a terrible thing … it causes me to act in an inhuman —

MYIR: Hold on a second — are you saying you'd actually *eat* a tongue?

MM: It was the bestial side of my being … please forgive —

MYIR: Because I can't even *look* at that stuff in the deli case, big flabby chunk of cow muscle, let alone —

MM: Can we move on, please?

MYIR: Certainly. So where do you see things going? "Vampire Anti-Defamation Leagues"? "Hematologically-challenged" parking spaces? Do you have any idea what it's like finding a spot at the mall now, let alone once orange-and-black signs showing bats in wheelchairs start cropping up in



the parking lot?

MM: Time for the cheap shot, is that it? Make fun of the pale guy with the fangs! What's next? Ask me if I'm hosting some late night creature feature with Gomez Addams and Robby the Robot?

MYIR: Goodness no, Doctor! Just because your experiments in speculative technology led you to an existence overrun with monstrous trappings doesn't mean I'd ever make the mistake of grouping you with some kind of "sci-fi/horror"—

MM: But you do make the mistake of assuming my interest is *only* in the hematologically challenged! I envision higher standards of recognition for *all* supernaturally affected persons.

MYIR: Saps, one and all.

MM: What?! How dare—

MYIR: Check those incisors, Doc, it's just an acronym! SAPs — Supernaturally Affected Persons. You just said it yourself. Go on, you're doing fine.

MM: Yes, well … take Simon Garth as an example. The so-called "living zombie"—

MYIR: "Living zombie" — *there's* an oxymoron. Like "jumbo shrimp", "military intelligence", "grim comics"…

MM: He deserves to be properly acknowledged for what he is: an "otherly animate individual of Haitian origin".



MYIR: Which is a zombie.

MM: That word has … negative connotations.

MYIR: And we want to make sure rotting corpses that eat human flesh are cast only in the best possible light?

"I ENVISION HIGHER STANDARDS OF RECOGNITION FOR *ALL* SUPERNATURALLY AFFECTED PERSONS."

MM: Yes ... is that a problem?

MYIR: Well, I can see you running into opposition from the funeral parlor lobby … they're going to want to protect against this "otherly animate" thing from catching on in a big way.

MM: Um … you wouldn't happen to have any open wounds, would you?

MYIR: That blood thing still bothering you, huh?

MM: It is how I am forced to sustain my tortured existence.

MYIR: And you think euphemism is going to help change that for you and the other SAPs?

MM: I'm not certain I'm … comfortable … with that term.

MYIR: Hey, Doc, I just call 'em like I see 'em. What does all this activism do for, say, N'Kantu?

MM: The Living Mummy?

MYIR: "Living Mummy"! *Another* pathetic cry for acceptance! When will the undead admit what they are? Take pride in being worm food, because self-respect is the first step toward others respecting you.

MM: Widespread approval will come when these SAPs — ahem, supernaturally affected persons — learn to appreciate what they are. "Living Mummy" is a disparaging term, whereas "fashion-wrapped descendant of pharaohs" establishes dignity.

MYIR: But is it really any better than "3000-year-old bogeyman with a Band-Aid fetish"?

MM: Band-Aid … that sounds good. Do you happen to have an old one I could suck on? Even a scab I could pick at around the edges would be —



MYIR: This has begun to take on the ring of desperation … so by all means let's press on and see how your PC-rewording applies to, say, Ghost Rider?

MM: Flame-headed skeletal exhibitionist.

MYIR: That doesn't strike me as very … constructive.

MM: I'm not feeling constructive anymore, I'm feeling *hungry!*

MYIR: What about one-time carnival owner and current conduit for hellfire John Blaze?

MM: Sideshow mentality pyromaniac.

MYIR: Daimon Hellstrom, a.k.a. "Hellstorm", the self-appointed Son of Satan?

MM: Demon wannabe … or fashion crime. You decide.

MYIR: Fashion crime?

MM: That shirtless fey-leggings look? Puh-lease!

MYIR: You're right. We can't *all* project that dated Billy Idol leather facade you've got going. Let's talk about Louise Hastings, late of the Darkhold Redeemers —

MM: Bad hair day.

MYIR: Dr. Strange?

MM: New Age hallucinogen.

MYIR: How do you qualify Blade? His mother was killed by a, uh, hemato-sucker —

MM: Knife-throwing momma's boy.

MYIR: Ouch.

MM: I call 'em like I see 'em.

MYIR: Dracula descendant Frank Drake?

MM: Ancestrally-motivated Ghostbuster clone. And *don't* think his bloodline got him a free ticket to that "Drah-kool" movie-mess, 'cause it didn't! Noooo! I saw him waiting in line with everyone else, no matter *what* he says!

"…THERE'S ALWAYS A FIFTH OF WOOD ALCOHOL EQUIVALENT BETWEEN HIS LIPS!"

MYIR: Okay, calm down. How about revisionist vampire Hannibal King?

MM: Drunk.

MYIR: That's a bit harsh. Are you feeling all right, Doctor? You're looking a little extra pale—

MM: Lording it over the rest of us — "I crave blood, but I don't need it!" — not that you can understand a word King says anyway, since there's always a fifth of wood alcohol equivalent between his lips!

MYIR: Well, that's really all the time we h-have —

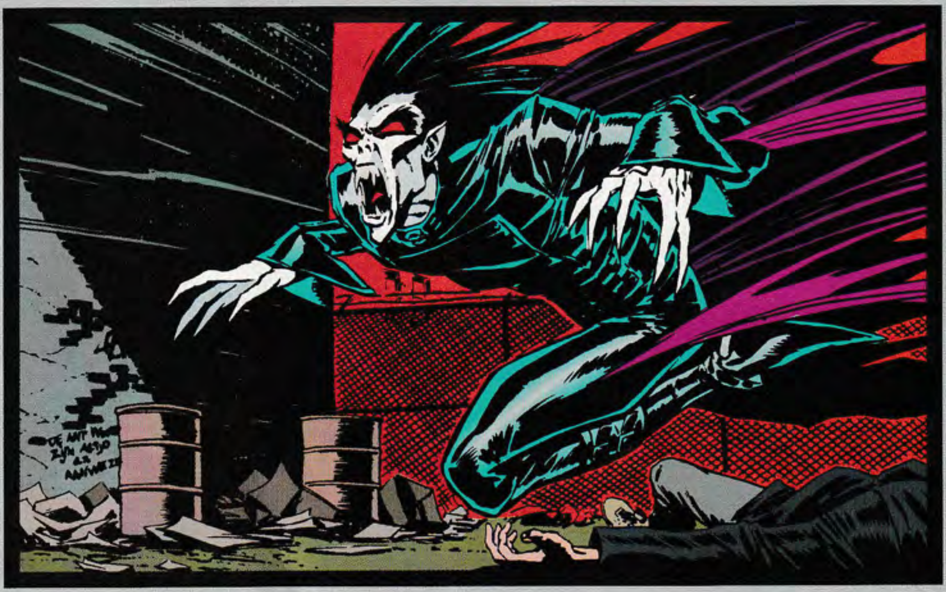
MM: And this Caretaker guy! Lonely old coot with a shovel, hanging around in cemeteries — there's a medical term for that, you know! It's called necromania — obsession with the dead! Is this the sort of role model — say, is that a cold sore?

MYIR: N-no. Anything final to add, Dr. Morbius?

MM: Yes. Die fast. Rise young. Leave a trail of dry-looking corpses.

MYIR: B-but, that doesn't really seem to fit in with what you've been saying up to — wait — stay back —

MM: I don't care anymore — you've pushed me too far! I'll drain your corpuscles, and to Hell with good P.R.!



Welcome, true believers, to the second annual Tiny Type — our encyclopedic survey of what happened in the Marvel Universe in 1993, month by excruciating month.

I have personal knowledge that apart from my stalwart editor, three people actually read the whole of last year's Tiny Type section (less than half of the seven people who actually bought Marvel Year-In-Review '92*). We eventually decided that the problem was the* length *of the article and the* size *of the type.*

So instead of listing everything that happened in 1993, I'm only going to list the stuff that was funny. Our goal is get at least four *of you readers to make it through this overview. Like the proverbial shark,* Marvel Year-In-Review *must move forward, lest it perish.*

And speaking of sharks, I know I seemed rather harsh towards Marvel's output last year. Fear not, friends. This year I feel downright vicious. Let the games begin.



Death, Destruction and Disgrace

by Peter Sanderson

1993 was the year that Superman was killed and Venom got his own limited series. Just keep that in mind.

Hey, remember last year when we did all those jokes about how lame those X-Factor villains called the Riders of the Storm were, and how no one would ever bring them back? So then they all came back in "X-Cutioner's Song," only now they call themselves the Dark Riders. It seems that Storm complained to management.

And then one of the Dark Riders, Harddrive, changed his name to Mainframe. This makes him the *third* character named Mainframe to be created in the Marvel Universe in the last few years. It's the Marvel Universe equivalent of being named Smith.

Captain America attended a Marvel Comics super-villains convention in disguise so he wouldn't be recognized. Having been to plenty of comics conventions myself, I can understand how he felt.

In FANTASTIC FOUR #372, Sue Richards used her powers to make a whole roomful of people's clothes disappear. Hey, give her a break; it was the only way she could make herself look overdressed in her current costume.

Speaking of women's fashion, Quasar's girlfriend Kayla got both a bad haircut (sort of like Kevin Costner's in *The Bodyguard*) and a Starbrand behind her ear, and it's hard to tell which is worse. Her hair will grow back, but you carry the taint of the New Universe to your grave.

Here's Spidey 2099 fighting a killer cyborg in a cowboy outfit named Venture. "Venture"? What the heck kind of name is *that?* If you were a killer cyborg, wouldn't you want a name that described what you could do, or was at least a little



Cable: Reception was fuzzy

frightening? (As opposed to sounding like Chrysler's latest K-Car?) Maybe his first name is Addison. Then he'd be Ad Ven — ah, forget it.

Cable died horribly at the end of "X-Cutioner's Song," and once again Marvel waited for the keening wails of mourning from a world deprived of yet another super hero. *Uh, hello? Is this mike on? Hello?!*

The Punisher murdered some people. (Ha! Thought we forgot, huh?)

Back at the super-villain convention, Cap ended up fighting Razorfist, the guy who had his hands replaced with blades. And I thought getting tattoos was dumb. "How do you dress yourself?" Cap asked him. Same way he goes to the bathroom, Cap ... *very* carefully.

Doctor Strange's archenemy the Dread Dormammu returned (surprise!), having acquired four more eyes and four more arms since we last saw him. That Dormammu, he's still just a growing boy.

"I want the architect of all my humiliations!" demanded the enraged Living Loser, I mean, Laser, in IRON MAN #289. Forget the architect, Laser: I've seen your humiliations, and you should be going after the *plumber.*

In NEW WARRIORS #32 Maddie Naylor, Speedball's mother, told him, "Darling offspring of mine, if you don't stop acting like an idiot, I'll never let you show your face in public again." Well, sounds like Speedball will be getting a new, totally masked look next year ...

Venom moved to the Bay Area. (And they thought the *earthquakes* were bad.) It seems he heard the song "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" and thought it would make a nice snack.

The cover of CAPTAIN AMERICA #413 proclaims, "MODAM Means Murder!" It's true, too. As Mighty Marvel continues to take over American culture, we are making long overdue changes in the English language. From now on, Angela Lansbury stars in *MODAM She Wrote.* Agatha Christie wrote *MODAM on the Orient Express.* And the little kid in Stephen King's *The Shining* goes around saying "MADOM! MADOM!"

Straight Line of the Year, Runner Up: In CAP #413 Shang-Chi told the Falcon, "I am not what I appear. I work for British intelligence." Now does that mean he just doesn't appear British, or is it safe to assume that he isn't intelligent either?

"You're looking at a whole new Deathlok!" said Deathlok in issue #21, as he finally gave up his vow against killing. However, he still has some moral standards and refuses to engage in jaywalking or office-supply filching.

In issue #35 of his title, Ghost Rider fought Heart Attack, and in his annual he battled Rigor Mortis. Over the next year Ghost Rider will battle Hernia, the Gout, Varicose Vein, Really Bad Sunburn, Worrying Lump, Groin Pull, and the unstoppable threat of Common Cold.

Speedball: Idiot no more?



"Are you now telling me you can raise the dead?" demanded the Silver Surfer in RESURRECTION #1. "Not the conventionally dead," replied Warlock. Oh. Right. The *conventionally* dead.

Now, I don't get it. If they're THE SECRET DEFENDERS, and Marvel publishes a book about them, then they're not a secret anymore, right? Unless no one reads the book ...

Oh, *now* I get it!

X-FACTOR #88 introduced a mutant-hunting mutant with the

awe-inspiring, utterly terrifying name of — (*wait for it*) — RANDOM! I don't know, he doesn't sound to me as if he could organize any kind of threat.

Hey, kids, making jokes about characters with stupid names can be fun! Here's an easy one: what do you call the building where Random lives? (Hint: It's the name of a publishing company. No, no, one that *doesn't* publish comics. Sigh ...)

The Punisher MODAMed more people.

"They're gonna *&#% you up, Alpha Flight!" the cover of issue #119 screamed. Ah, this must be one of those comics for *mature readers* I've heard so much about.



New meaning for "Random Destruction"

The Thing started wearing his helmet again, this time because Wolverine slashed his face and made it ... ugly! *Geez, Thing, couldja cover up that face of yours? I mean, you've always been grotesquely, inhumanly disfigured, but those three lines ... I can't look at them anymore!*

We met Dan Ketch's new love interest Adrienne in GHOST RIDER #36. We first saw her walking down a dark alley in Manhattan at 1 AM wearing a halter top and tight pants and carrying an expensive video camera. Strangely enough, she didn't complete her ensemble by wearing a target on her back.

Straight Line of the Year: "Face me, Hulk," says Hercules in HULK #404, "without benefit of shrubbery!" There's only one correct response to that challenge: *Ni!*

This year's NEW WARRIORS ANNUAL featured the very first story with starring roles for the two young super heroes known as Turbo. Actually, they are both secretly the children of Floyd R. Turbo, American, as played for umpteen years by Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show.* Johnny may be off the air, but his legacy of unfunny humor lives on. *Yes! You are correct, sir!*



Adrienne: Hot for flaming skulls

Hey, if Sergei the Presence appeared in the annual Marvel Holiday Special, would he (guffaw) be the Christmas Presence? (Haw haw haw haw! Sorry. There just wasn't any more room in *What the —?!*)

"A trap!" exclaimed Warlock in RESURRECTION #2. "And I led us into it like a bumbling neophyte!" Hey, excuse me, but didn't you claim to be God last year?

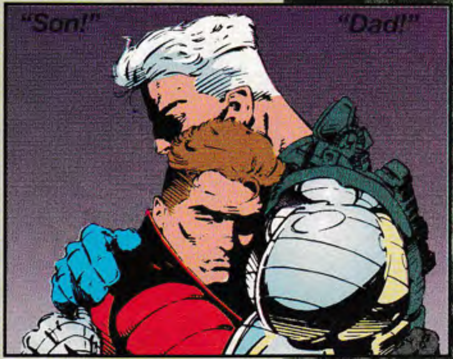
I think Dreadlox's original super hero codename was Scarybagels.

"Make a move, bub," warned Wolverine in SECRET DEFENDERS #2, "and you're shredded wheat!" Make two moves, and you're Rice Krispies. (Snik, crackle, pop!)

After a long time away, the original Thor returned to his own magazine only to discover that comics in the Nineties are very different from what he remembered. But Thor quickly fit right in by going violently insane.

Cast members of *Cheers* appeared in X-FORCE #21. The series was immediately cancelled out of shame and horror. (No, no, they cancelled *Cheers,* not X-FORCE. I agree, there is no justice.)

Cannonball was so touched, so deeply moved to learn that Cable considered him as his very own son. Gosh, wouldn't you like to have Cable as your dad? Just think: if you got



"Check, please!"

an F on your report card, Daddy would bring his Uzi to the next PTA meeting and terminate your teacher with extreme prejudice. Brings tears to your eyes, don't it?

In CABLE #1, Weapon X nostalgically thought, "Man, I missed the sounds of bone and cartilage crushing like that." Yeah, me too. That's why when I'm writing I always turn on my favorite radio station: WHAK, the Easy Listening Mayhem Station, "All carnage, all the time!" Right now they're playing Mozart's Concerto #1 for Screamer and Orchestra in F Very Sharp.

Looking over the magnificent, extraordinary beauty of the Savage Land in CAPTAIN AMERICA #415, Diamondback considered her words carefully and then expounded, "This is so cool." Nice vocabulary, Diamond. Let us know when you work your way up to "awesome."

Look carefully at the double-page spread of the Savage Land in CAP #413 and you can see a film crew shooting *Jurassic Park.* Expensive special effects, my butt ...

Well, it's official: the Cold War is over. NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD finally got cancelled this year.

Silver Sable welcomed Sandman back to the Wild Pack with a hug and told him, "If you ever quit on me again, I'll hunt you down and kill you." Sounds like a few Marvel editors I know.

In WOLVERINE #69, Jubilee read and badmouthed Charles Dickens' masterpiece *David Copperfield,* thereby confirming what we all suspected about her taste and brain power. "Does this kid live in the Alternate Universe of Amazing Coincidences or what?" she asked. Uh, Jube, people who live in Marvel Universes shouldn't throw stones.



Warlock: Had nails done

In issue #21, Wonder Man threatened to kill every member of Armed Response. His publicity people had to put in a lot of overtime to come up with the right spin on *this* little story. Their take? "Hey, at least Wondy didn't star in *Last Action Hero."*

Franklin Richards reappeared at the end of FANTASTIC FOUR #376, all grown up and with circuitry on his face. Man, that's even worse than acne.

So first there was INFINITY WAR, then INFINITY GAUNTLET, and now there's INFINITY CRUSADE. It must be like an annual convention for super heroes that Warlock runs for them. It gives them all a chance to get together and network and catch up with each other's continuity, exchange business and trading cards, pose for holograms with each other, and stuff like that. They probably just wish the things were held in San Diego or someplace that was fun, where everyone could hang out at the beach.



"Where are we?" asked the Black Knight in INFINITY CRUSADE #1. "Don't look like Kansas to me, Toto," replied Multiple Man. Marvel writers take note: I hereby swear I will hunt down and kill the next one of you who quotes that hackneyed line from *The Wizard of Oz.*

"I'll find this homicidal maniac," said the Punisher in SECRET DEFENDERS #4. "No, *we'll* find this maniac," responded Namorita. "Where do we start?" *Namorita, he's right in front of you!* The Punisher *is a homicidal maniac!!*

The Silver Surfer met his latest and greatest enemy this year: a tyrant named Tyrant. And wasn't it only last year that X-Factor was battling nasty boys named the Nasty Boys? Next year Marvel heroes will be fighting brand-new characters called Villain, the Bad Guys, the Antagonist, the Opponent, the Legion of Enemies, Mister Naughty, and the Incredible Do-Badder.

In U.S.AGENT #1 we learn that the Masked Matador, utterly humiliated by yours truly in last year's *Review,* has given up crime. In fact, it was probably his farewell appearance in comics altogether. Hahahahaha! See? This magazine *does* serve a



Daredevil: Can't fly

purpose!

The Beyonder returned — again — in GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY #38. Will we *never* be rid of this idiot? "I am from Beyond." Yeah, right. "I am from Neediness" would be more like it.

Oh, I guess I should say something about all these Marvel UK books: our London office goes to so much trouble to try to come up with a batch of violent, overmuscled heroes and they're *still* only half as scary as Margaret Thatcher was. What a bloody shame.

Still, the UK titles have such diverse and original names: Death's Head, Death Wreck, Death Metal, Death-Duty, Death^3 ...

The villain in SILVER SABLE #14 is named Priapus. I have read this name seven times and I still can't believe the Comics Code approved it.

Four pages into the WONDER MAN ANNUAL, a brand-new super hero called Hitmaker said, "Hold it, hold it. Man, I can't do this caca no more." And this guy *just started* working in Marvel Comics! They get jaded so *fast* these days!

In CAPTAIN AMERICA #313, the Viper unveiled her evil plan to throw society into total chaos by using television sets to blind people. As if it weren't bad enough that TV sets already turn ordinary people into inert, desensitized couch potatoes. Hey, even I can come up with a better evil scheme than that. For example, I could coat the pages of *Marvel Year-In-Review* with a fast-acting poison so that by the time you guys get to this particular page, you would be starting to feel its effects. Heh, heh, heh ...

(Actually, just reading through this jungle of words should be enough to blind most of you.)

Then the Viper chortled, "T-minus 17! Ha ha!" Weird sense of humor, babe.

Wait a minute —"Caca"?

You can get all the way to the end of DAREDEVIL #319 and still not learn why DD is jumping off the Chrysler Building on the cover. To forestall a class action suit against Marvel for false cover advertising, we at Year-In-Review hereby proffer the following possible explanations:

1. Daredevil is not just the Man Without Fear, he is the Man Without Gravity.



Gambit: Not even mentioned

2. He's doing an impression of Harrison Ford in *The Fugitive.*

3. He was told what his new costume looked like.

So Deadpool talks with a yellow outline around his balloons. What exactly is this supposed to *sound* like? I can just see a movie studio trying to cast someone as Deadpool: "Must be able to speak English dialogue clearly with yellow balloon outlines. RED OUTLINE VOICES NEED NOT APPLY."

Thanks to the Goddess, people throughout



Exodus: From the best-selling book ever

the universe started laying down their guns in INFINITY CRUSADE #3. This must be the sort of thing Warlock referred to in WARLOCK CHRONICLES #3 as "dangerously good." Can you see the

Marvel sales figures *without guns?* Somebody take that Goddess out!

"Holy Hannah!" shouted Captain America in SECRET DEFENDERS #6. *Who,* you ask? Why, "Holy Hannah" is better known as St. Hannah of the Funnybooks, patron saint to Golden Age super heroes. (As opposed to "Holy #%&*!", patron saint of '90s super heroes.)

In X-FORCE #25, returning father figure Cable greeted his X-Force "kids" by tossing gas bombs and magnesium flares at them. Yep, fighting, that's what a family's all about.

Magneto's new assistant is named Exodus. The Marvel Universe, of course, already has characters named Apocalypse and Genesis. Coming soon: Leviticus, Acts of the Apostles, the Book of Job, the Proverbs, and the Song of Songs. (We'd use Old Deuteronomy, but he's in the musical *Cats.*)

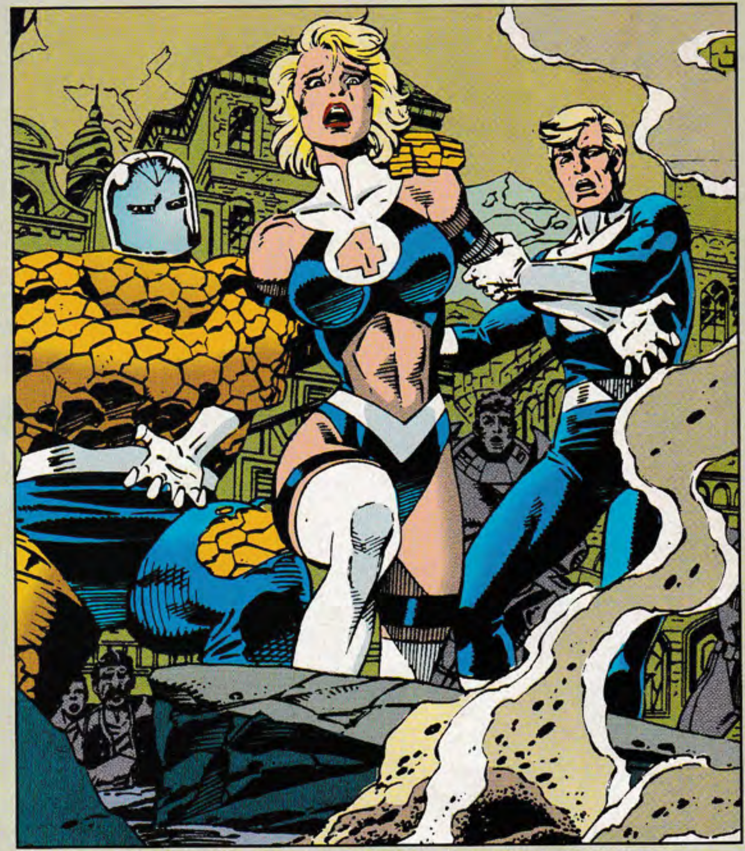
In IRON MAN #296 we learned that Tony Stark is getting confused as to whether he's in his own bedridden body, his Tony Stark android body, or his Iron Man android body. So the brilliant inventor Tony Stark has managed to finally automate multiple personality syndrome.

In THOR CORPS #1 Thunderstrike said, "There's an old cliché about not being in Kansas that's too corny for even me to use!" Whew. Close call ... that was written by the Chief himself.

The complete Daredevil origin began in DAREDEVIL: THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR #1. Watch as wise old mentor Stick hits the young Matt Murdock with a (guess what) stick as part of his standard teaching method. And Matt is grateful for this. Now, let's speculate here: if editor Ralph Macchio hit writer Frank Miller with a stick every time he wanted a rewrite, would Frank react gratefully?

I don't know, but it'd be fun to watch ...

"After next issue this book will have to be called the Fantastic Three!!!!! SOMEONE WILL DIE!!!" proclaimed the next issue blurb. So DC thinks they can kill their heroes off, eh? Well, we're gonna show 'em how to do it right! (And with lots more exclamation points!!!!!!)



Reed: Another one bites — er,* is *the dust



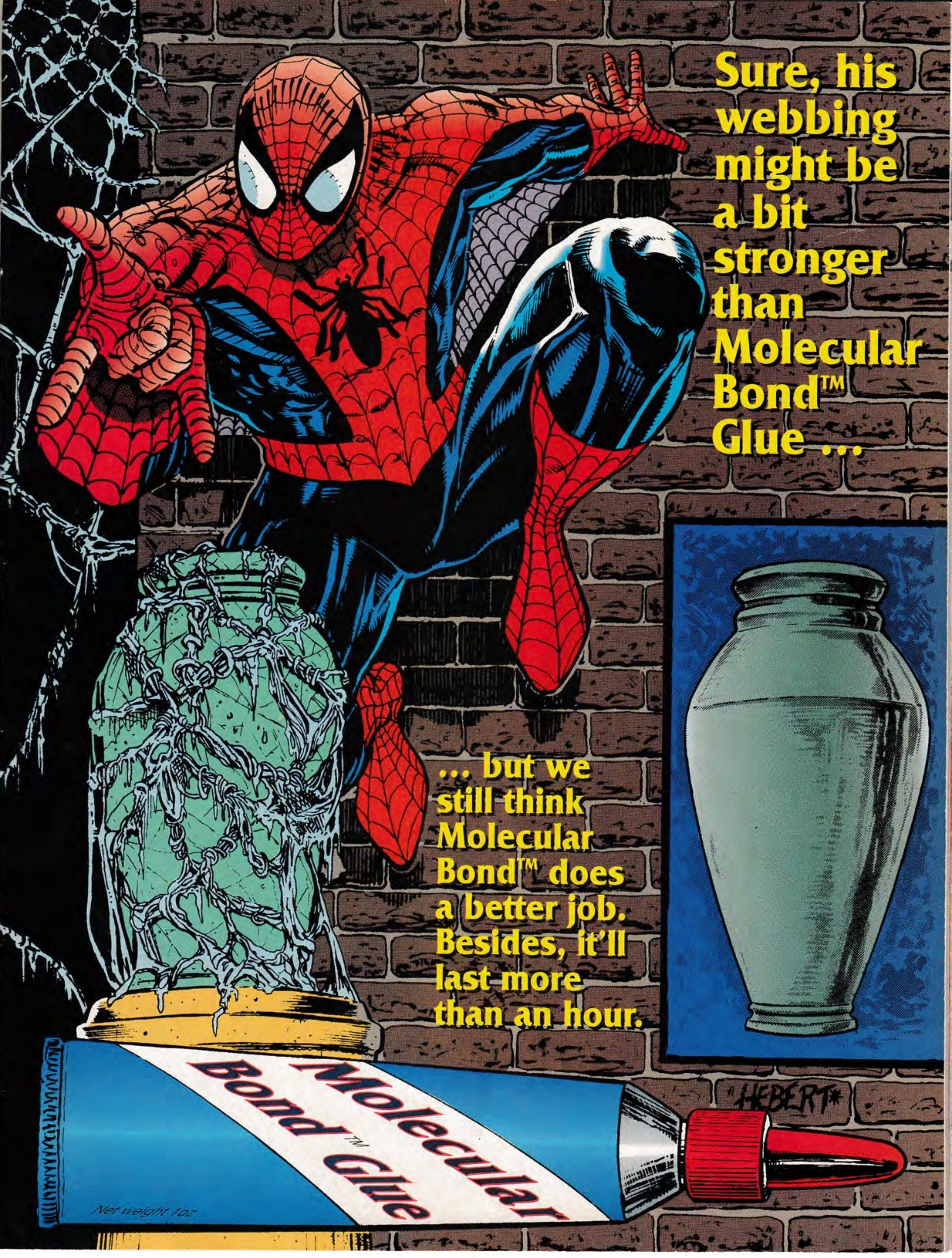
Hey, if everyone the Punisher killed turns out to be no more dead than anyone else who dies in Marvel Comics, he's going to be in *big* trouble one of these days ...

I told you at the outset to keep in mind that 1993 was the year that Superman died. Why? Well, apart from the fact that true super *heroes* are getting harder and harder to find on the comic book rack, we're gonna let you in on a little secret.

Superman's editor and two of his writers are actually former Marvel editors. We also have former Marvel editors placed in charge of the Batman books, but so far, all they've succeeded in doing is breaking the lame-o's back.

So ... *who* killed Superman?

Heh heh heh ...



Sure, his webbing might be a bit stronger than Molecular Bond™ Glue ...
... but we still think Molecular Bond™ does a better job. Besides, it'll last more than an hour.
Molecular Bond™ Glue
Net weight 1oz
HEBERT*

The New Super Hero Math

Some things just don't add up

by Micheline Dugué

Math scores in schools across the country are plummeting faster than the ratings on *Late Night with Conan O'Brien.* And many people think the real culprits have nothing to do with the fact that our asbestos-lined, overcrowded public schools are staffed with underpaid, underqualified teachers trying to drum arcane, largely irrelevant knowledge into the heads of undisciplined, unfocused, and inattentive brats.

No, they think *comic books* are to blame.

Well, whether or not these brilliant theorists are correct, we at *Marvel Year-In-Review* have decided to do something about this ever-growing problem! And how better to teach kids math than to combine it with their favorite leisure activity, reading comic books? You see the result of this ambitious project before you.

Of course, if you find yourself referring to the cheat guide on the next page more than once, the problem may be beyond even *our* resources to amend …



7.



8.



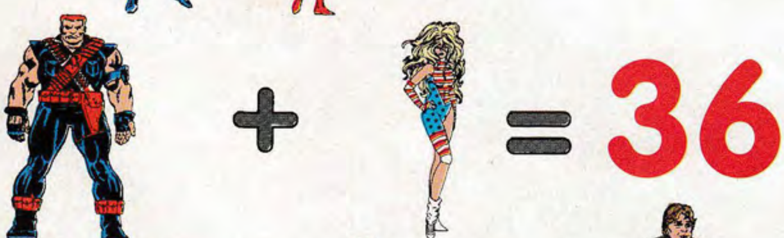
9.



10.



11.



12.



13.



ANSWERS

1. Man-Thing + Razorfist = salad
Vital Clue: Ginsu

2. Enchantress - peroxide = Sif
Vital Clue: Lady Clairol

3. Thing + Cosmic Cube = brick
Vital Clue: Lame shape/texture joke

4. Ant Man + Punisher = bug spray
Vital Clue: The Orkin Man

5. Thor + Wrecker + Knickknack = toolbox
Vital Clue: Home improvement

6. Moondragon - Professor X = gem and earrings
Vital Clue: Sinéad O'Connor

7. Mojo - Blob = TV dinner tray
Vital Clue: Good eatin'

8. Moondragon + Medusa = Mary Jane Watson-Parker
Vital Clue: Sy Sperling

9. She-Hulk + Xemnu = giant kiwi fruit
Vital Clue: Giant kiwi fruit

10. $\frac{\text{Blob}}{\text{Ant Man + Wasp}}$ = pancakes
Vital Clue: Weight-to-mass ratio

11. Charlie 27 + Number 9 = 36
Vital Clue: Oh, come *on* ...

12. Blob - Kingpin = Foggy Nelson
Vital Clue: Another insensitive "fat joke"

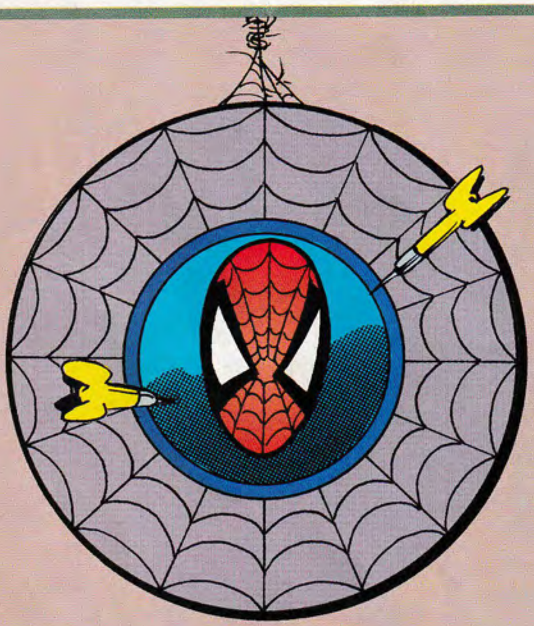
13. (Wolverine + Gambit + Deadpool + Spider-Man + Venom) - (Silver Sable + Dr. Strange + Deathlok + Sleepwalker + She-Hulk + Cage) = Marvel Comics
Vital Clue: Fan market

Even in the simplest and most unspoiled of times, we have taken the images of our most treasured heroes and slapped 'em on a cereal box. So the marketing of super heroes was, of course, inevitable. Now, like sports stars and before them, probably, war heroes ("Caesar's men marched to the Alps and back in PONTIFICUS'S SANDALS!"), the colorfully-garbed wonder-whatevers can be seen pushing everything from soap to newts.

But for every Cadillac, there's a Pinto; for every Reebok, a platform shoe. Join us as we lift the curtain on some of those super hero-related products that didn't quite make it. In other words, let's take a look at some of…

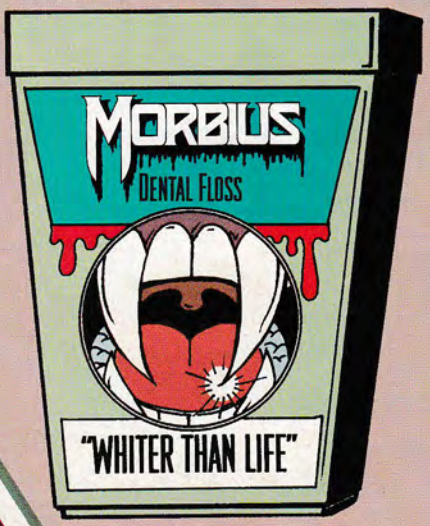
MARVEL'S GREATEST LICENSING MISTAKES

As reported by BOB WASHINGTON



▲ **1967: The Spidey-Face Dart Board.** With mass production funded by *New York Daily Bugle* publisher J. Jonah Jameson, it was popular only among Spidey's lethal foes.

1992: Morbius Brand Dental Floss. Half of pharmaceutical giant Smith & Smith's board of directors had "mysteriously vanished" before this unlicensed floss was finally taken off the market. ▼



Unsurprisingly, it is in the early days of super herodom, before Matt Murdock successfully defended Daredevil's inherent trademark of his own name (thus forcing the dangerous and already-outlawed-in-many-states "Daredevil's Big Boss Bludgeonin' Battle Baton" off the market), that we can find some of the more interesting of unlicensed products.

For example, remember the Thing's "Cosmic Ray Workout Set"? The dumbbells that will "irradiate you with muscles of granite"? No? Neither do most people, thanks to the Baxter Building-sized lawsuit the foursome slapped on the workout set's developer, Steroids R Us, back in 1968.

UNCALCULATED RISKS

Not that RichGrimStormCo, the company the FF set up to market Mr. Fantastic's inventions, has gone without its own share of clunkers. Who could forget how their first attempt to market clothes made of unstable molecules accidentally resulted in the World's First Disappearing Bikini? Or Mr. Fantastic's "Simplified Memory System"? My understanding is that the four people who actually made it through the 18-volume course's 528-step "E-Z-KWIK procedure" did find it useful for remembering everything from atomic weights to hexadecimal codes.

But for hands-down cynicism, nothing beats the short-lived "WELCOME GALACTUS" giant kite craze. Though the actual appearance of the hyperdimensional globe-gobbler eventually led to the kite manufacturer (and several kite flyers) being hunted down by fear-crazed mobs, I still have mine.

LIVING LIFE THE MARVEL WAY

Of course, one would expect public gullibility over super hero products to gradually decrease with constant exposure to them. Of course, one would be off one's trolley.

Witness the original Wonder Man doll, that spunky, G. I. Joe-styled figure that sold like hotcakes waaay back when Wondy first joined the Avengers, then popped up in garbage cans all over America when he turned traitor. Of course, his subsequent return from the dead and eventual "re-heroization" made that lemon a valuable collector's item.

Yes, public taste can be fickle, as the makers of Dagen-Haaz Ice Cream learned only a few years back. After spending millions developing and advertising its new Kree-Skrull Krunch flavor ("It's Skrull-o-licious Ice Kreem!!"), they ended up watching their entire campaign go down the drain: "Operation: Galactic Storm" began two weeks after Kree-Skrull Krunch hit the supermarket shelves, killing the world's appetite for alien contact for some time to come.

MIGHTIER THAN THE FIST

Almost as shocking as the public's gullibility is its voracious appetite for dirt. Especially super-dirt. The Amanda "Barbe-Cutie" Reynolds tattle-tome is currently tearing up all the bestseller lists with its Avengers/X-Men gossip (see page 42). But throwing dirt around doesn't always work.

For example, take the 1975, pre-Kitty Kelley tell-all classic *The Incredible Hulk: Shocking Truth,* in which the toad-colored titan's existence was blamed on a famous scientist's self-experimentation. Book sales and the author's reputation both plummeted faster than Quicksilver at his first frat party when the Hulk was publicly exposed as Bruce Banner, not Timothy Leary.

And if you check your local library under "Modern Classic Loser Lit", you may find a copy of *The Incredibly Amazing Frog-Man: My Story,* wherein the tedious wanna-be attempted to turn a series of pestery team-ups with a certain Amazingly Tolerant Arachnid into a thrill-a-minute paperback bestseller. And failed miserably.

SAFETY LAST

Obviously, safety standards for super hero-related merchandise sometimes can be dubious. But the Dr. Doom Fiendish Plot Chemistry Set (made by the still-mysterious "LatverToy Int'l") really set a new low in 1979. Across the country, hundreds of kids gassed playground bullies, shrank tough teachers to ant size, and banished dumb younger siblings to the Negative Zone before the chemistry sets were finally recalled.

However, despite all of these disasters, the super-licensing trend continues today. And, as in the past, the products appear both with and without the super heroes' permission, as the makers of Ghost Rider Cola ("Quench that eternal burning thirst for vengeance!") would tell you, if they hadn't all disappeared so mysteriously. I have only one prediction: for every Asgard-inspired version of Wagner's Ring Trilogy, there will be two flops like the recent Broadway bomb Dazzlermania ("It's not Dazzler, but incredibly simulated!!!"). Indeed, given the general short-sightedness of the average marketing executive, products of dubious value — like the recent X-Men Designer Grey Jeans — will forever dot the consumer landscape.



1976: Wonder Man Action Figure. Watch for that price tag to take another dip if Wondy's acting career doesn't pick up soon.

1974: Torchies cigarettes. Another unlicensed product slapped off the market by big-budget FF lawyers.





Man-Thing Ooze 'n a Barrel. Had an unfortunate tendency to roam about unattended, feed on certain types of plastic, and reproduce.



1989: She-Hulk Emerald Pantyhose. Very short-lived product, due to availability of only one size and color.



There were only a few Marvel employees who were put out by our new non-smoking policy.
387
Park Ave.
South
Some Marvelites are smoking more these days, but enjoying it less. Well, that's just too bad. Because the Surgeon General has determined that breathing even second-hand smoke can kill you dead. And we mean *real* dead, not super hero dead.
Think about *that* before you start an expensive, disgusting and ultimately fatal habit like smoking.
A Public Service Message from Marvel Comics.

THE ORIGINAL AVENGERS

The first lineup is always the worst lineup

by Robert Sodaro and John Wilcox

The Avengers. A name supposedly synonymous with truth, righteousness, and above all, justice. All satire aside, the Avengers have probably saved the planet more times than Michael Jackson has had facial surgery. However, years of painstaking research have revealed that the goals of the original group

(continued on page 43)





Almost Super

Former super hero Amanda "Barbe-Cutie: Mistress of the Grill" Reynolds is the latest celebrity also-ran to publish a tell-all tome revealing what it was like to be a member of the Spandex Set. Her scathing behind-the-scenes book has rocketed to the top of the bestseller lists, as she claims to having actually been a founding member of not one but two groups of super heroes: the Avengers and the X-Men.

Although her association with Earth's Mightiest Heroes has now been confirmed by Iron Man and Ant-Man, no mutant has admitted to knowing anything about Barbe-Cutie or her startling claims. Is it all a bunch of hooey, or was Barbe-Cutie really there when the X-Men were first formed? You decide, as we excerpt the beginning of chapter 10 from her book, *Confessions of a Heroine.*

Chapter 10

"X-*This!*"

Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, along came Charles "If It Moves and Its Parents Have Money It Must Be a Mutant" Xavier. He convinced me that he had a new angle on this whole super hero business, and I had just what he needed for his new group. Little did I realize at the time that it wasn't my crime-fighting abilities he was interested in.

Next thing I knew, I was at his mansion; specifically, in the kitchen. You see, Xavier needed a cook.

Of course, an ordinary cook just wouldn't do for his new mutants ... no, it had to be a *super-powered mutant* cook. I tried to explain that I wasn't a mutant, that it was an accident with radioactive barbecue tongs which had granted me my control over grilled meats. But he told me to just fake it; you know, get beaten up by ignorant, prejudiced humans once in a while just because I'm different, that sort of thing.

Well, I needed the money. I took the job.

The first order of business was giving me a mutant name. I guess "Barbe-Cutie" just doesn't cut it with those X-types. We went through quite a few options — "Meat Mistress", "Chef Girlardee", "Salad Shooter", "Forque", "Cuisine Queen", "Tableclaws" and others — but finally I settled for "X-Shell".

Next came my costume. Most cooks wear white, but I had to put on one of those funky yellow-and-black deals the rest of 'em have. I felt like a huge, stupid bumblebee, but at least mustard stains weren't much of a problem anymore.

Let me tell you, though: you haven't cooked until you've cooked for the Uncanny X-Men. Bunch of spoiled, whiny brats with eating disorders. The Beast — you think he got that name because he's got fur? Try again, and this time think *table manners.*

Marvel Girl was just the opposite — she hardly ate at all, and when she did eat, she liked to float her food from plate to mouth. Her plates generally didn't need washing when she was done, I'll give the anorexic little witch *that.*

Then there was Iceman. He wanted everything cold, *really* cold, and demanded that someone always say, "Bobby, hurry up, your dinner's getting warm!" He thought it was really funny. Yeah, ha-freakin'-*ha.* Then, of course, the food was never cold enough for him — we're talking rock-solid frozen pork chops and the like — so he'd show off by making it even colder. I'll never forget the time I gave him liquid nitrogen instead of his usual frozen soda ... *that* shut him up for a few weeks!

Then there was the Angel's obsession with spaghetti, hot dogs, linguini, link sausages, fettucine, and angel hair pasta. And I *never did* get him to admit it had anything to do with worms.

And the worst was the Professor himself. Eggs, eggs and more eggs ... and always hard-boiled! It was disgusting! I shudder to think of the cholesterol count that man must have today. I don't care if he said it was "brain food", if he'd thought about it for half a minute he would've remembered his brain needs a functioning *heart* to stay alive!

Things were tolerable as long as the X-Men weren't fighting super-villains, but unfortunately they pretty much always were. When they battled Magneto, I got to watch my cutlery fly around the kitchen. When they were giving the Vanisher trouble, he'd give *me* trouble; popping up in front of the stove, dumping the wrong seasonings into my stew, and then vanishing. And, worst of all, there was the time the Blob wandered into my kitchen ... in fact, that was the day I quit.

were not quite so lofty. Documents *Marvel Year-In-Review* has unearthed through the Freedom of Information Act indicate that it was a decidedly different group of individuals that formed this now-legendary team.

It's widely believed that the original lineup of the Avengers consisted of the Hulk, Thor, Iron Man, Ant Man, and the Wasp. However, two years prior to their "initial" confrontation with Thor's evil half-brother, Loki, a significantly different team assembled for a much less noble cause. The roster

"The Avengers were slightly more humble in origin than is widely believed."

— Ant Man, Iron Man, Yes-Man, Elastic Boy and Barbe-Cutie: Mistress of the Grill, were brought together by Ant Man to (in their own words) "kick the butt" of Rust Lord, for damages inflicted on Ant Man's lime green 1962 Vega.

The three names you don't recognize have been purposely buried for the past 30 years. Yes-Man didn't have much in the way of super powers, but he always agreed with decisions made by the Avengers chairman. Elastic Boy, as his name implies, had an amazing (but unfortunately derivative) stretching ability. And Barbe-Cutie, accidentally jabbed with radioactive barbecue tongs at age twelve, possessed an eerie control of grilled meats.

According to Harvey Q. Lewis (a.k.a. Yes-Man), the Avengers were slightly more humble in origin than is widely believed. "Ant Man and I go way back," Lewis recalled. "I knew him when he was running around Teaneck calling himself the Green Aphid. We used to go bowling every other Friday — in fact, that's how the group got started. In those days we were known as the Bowling League of America, or the BLA, as Elastic Boy called us. We were really a bowling league first, and a crime-fighting unit second."

Lewis, now a highly-placed executive with Roxxon, related the team's first call-to-arms. "We were walking out of the Bowl-A-Teria on the lower east side when Ant Man — who already had a few brewskies in him and was feeling no pain — spotted Rust Lord in a used Toyota lot. It wasn't much of a fight — 30 seconds, tops. All I remember is rust flying everywhere and a horrible scream that haunts me to this day.

"Ant Man and I got completely plastered later, and Barbe-Cutie quit right then and there. She felt we were straying too far from the bowling side of things, but of course anyone who's read her so-called autobiography knows all about that." *(See sidebar, preceding page.)*

Barbe-Cutie was replaced with Betty, the Human Tongue. "Betty was involved with Iron Man at the time," Lewis claimed. "We never did find out what her power was, but Iron Man assured us that it was absolutely incredible."

The Human Tongue's status as an Avenger lasted a mere week. Rumor has it that she quit upon discovering Iron Man in a very compromising position with Princess Python. With the Tongue's departure, the Avengers were now down to a quartet consisting of Elastic Boy, and the Mans Ant, Iron, and Yes.

This line-up lasted for about a year, with the four Avengers making short work of Fungus King, the Polyester Prince, the Frightful One (consisting solely of Paste-Pot Pete), the Fledglings of Evil, and other assorted D-class villains. Things went from mediocre to embarrassing when the Avengers were handed their first defeat at the hands of Infectus and the Legion of Yeast.

Soon thereafter, Yes-Man felt the clarion call of corporate America and left the team. And according to attorney Matt Murdock, Elastic Boy was struck down not by an energized ladder swung by the Red Carpenter, but rather by a "cease and desist" order issued by Reed "Mr. Fantastic" Richards. The Boy was forced to seek his fortune elsewhere.

This would have been the end of the team, were it not for the appearance of Thor. Ant Man relates: "Iron Man and I were sitting outside Big Al's Billiards thinking that this entire super hero gig is for the birds, and talking about putting together a rock band, when this big blond guy comes up and starts whining to us about his kid brother. Iron and I figured as long as we had this way-cool name, why not get some mileage out of it?"

Iron Man picked up the story at this point: "We thought, 'What the heck, how tough could Thor's brother be?' Pretty tough, as it turned out. Good thing we ran into the Hulk on our way there."

Some confusion arose as the trio didn't initially recognize the newly-green Hulk. According to Ant Man, the previously gray behemoth had just lost a rather sizable bet with the Captain Chlorophyll (who subsequently became known as Boneless Boy). Supposedly still angry over his new pigmentation, the Hulk jumped at the chance to kick Asgardian butt.

"Iron Man and I were sitting ... thinking that this entire super hero gig is for the birds, and talking about putting together a rock band ..."

Then, while fueling their Quinjet, the new Avengers were unexpectedly joined by the Wasp. According to Ant Man, he had promised her they would both "get small" that evening and sneak onstage to watch Broadway's *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* *(see related article, page 44)*.

The Wasp's inclusion in the official line-up was primarily a result of Iron Man arbitrating the lovers' dispute: "She was there, she had the costume on, and like I always — I mean, like my boss Tony Stark always says, every super hero team should have at least one babe in Spandex."

This time Ant Man and Iron Man had hit the proverbial nail on the head, and the mighty Avengers finally clicked. So, as history has borne out, bowling's loss was the world's gain.

A Growing — and Shrinking — Problem in America

Forget drugs and steroids — today's kids are poppin' particles!

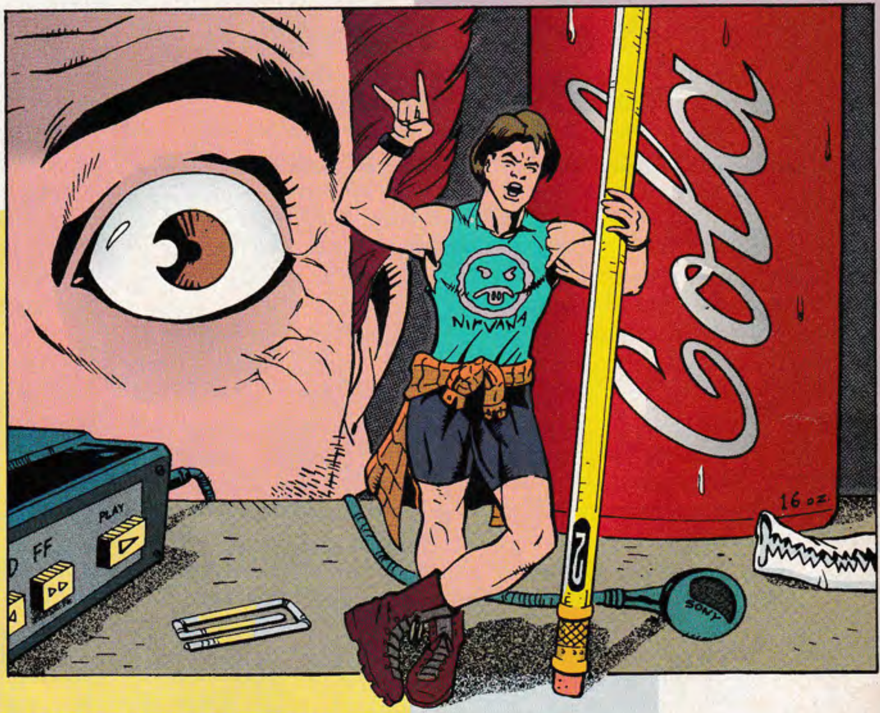
It started innocently enough — a respectable research scientist discovers a new subatomic particle and uses its unique properties to re-create himself in the role of a self-styled "super hero." But, unfortunately for the youth of America, his discovery seems to have gotten a little out of hand …

Take little Jimmy Wallenberg from Brooklyn, for instance. Jimmy is fourteen years old — and eight feet tall.

Like many others in this country, Jimmy has a Pym Particle problem.

Readily available in both gas and capsule form, Pym Particles have become, over the past several months, the body-altering substance of choice among inner city kids. And the worst of it is, as a subatomic particle, it's not subject to regulation by the FDA.

Jimmy's story is fairly typical. "I'd get small," he admitted. "Not much at first. Just an inch or two. *Everyone* was doin' it! We'd head over to Coney Island, then sneak onto the kiddie rides. Get into movies for child fares. Ride the bus for half price. It was a gas!"



"I told you to get big again, son … *right now!*"

But after a while, an inch just wasn't enough.

"Soon," he continued, "I was droppin' a foot at a time! That's when the ants started talkin' to me! Oh, man! They wanted me to join 'em — you know, down in the ant hill! Finally, I couldn't take no more of that. I went for the hard stuff. I started gettin' big. Real big! I was captain of the basketball team for three whole weeks before anyone got wise!"

It wasn't until his near-fatal overdose later that month that Jimmy realized he had a problem. His parents found him lying atop their house, grown too big to support his own weight. He had, quite literally, fallen and couldn't get up. It took a platform truck to get him to the Betty Ross clinic in upstate New York, but finally — after a prolonged stay in their oversized "special needs" wing — Jimmy has nearly returned to normal. Of course, after a brush with Pym Particles, "normal" becomes an all-too-relative term.

Pym Particles, like many controlled substances, are pernicious. Through constant use, trace elements build up in the body — elements that may remain there for years. A single careless stray thought can trigger an episode, and ten-foot flashbacks are not uncommon. Pymaholics quite literally never know what size they'll be when they get up in the morning. Needless to say, the emotional repercussions can be devastating, leading to all manner of psychoses. Most try to cope with the loss (and/or gain) one day at a time, one inch at a time …

When questioned by *Marvel Year-In-Review,* Dr. Henry Pym — the inquiring mind behind the Pym Particle and himself a frequent user — replied, "Hey, I just found them! I never advocated their use! Look what they've done for me over the years: a failed marriage, a prison sentence and a string of nervous breakdowns and emotional disorders. And let's not forget the aborted suicide attempt. I wish someone else had discovered the blasted things. The Stark Particle. Could've been. Could've been …"

But protestations aside, Pym has recently returned to his size-shifting role as Giant-Man, and his successor as Ant-Man has recently been welcomed into the Fantastic Four.

What kind of mixed message are we sending our kids when we allow these blatant size-shifters to serve as role models in our community? Is it that "the bigger they are, the harder they fall", or that "a good little man can beat a bad big man"? Nobody knows for sure.

As for poor Jimmy, his future seems certain to be one filled with pain — mainly from bumping his head into ceiling fans and low doorways.

— Tom Brevoort and Mike Kanterovich

“Hi, remember me? I’m the kid who had a report due on space...”

Well, I got an F. My teacher said I copied the whole thing right out of a set of encyclopedias. That’s why I ordered this Complete Set of the Darkhold! One incantation later, and my teacher was writhing on the cafeteria floor, speaking in tongues!

The Complete Set of the Darkhold can really turn your life around...and your afterlife as well! It’s all here: Satanic Possession, Voodoo Hexes, Practical Curses, and even Severe Smiting!

Interested? Well, heck, you don’t even need to make a toll-free call, and you don’t need your parents’ permission! Just read the words at the bottom of this page aloud—your immortal soul will be billed later!





KNOW YOUR X-VILLAINS

A Handy Guide to Life in the Mutant '90s

by Clay Griffith

Once upon a time, you could count the major mutant super-villains on one hand: Magneto, the Messianic Master of Magnetism; the brawling Brotherhood of Evil Mutants; and the unstoppable Juggernaut. In fact, if Washington had slashed the "Sentinel Project" budget, the old X-Men would have had to find part-time jobs to fill their free time.

However, since then the world has witnessed a population explosion of new mutant super-villains. And they're not like the old villains. Their hallmarks are vague and deceptively similar super powers, almost indistinguishable motivations, and — perhaps most confusingly — super-villain code names that are less than descriptive.

Long gone are the days when you could figure a super-villain out just by knowing his name. Magneto ... Blob ... Toad ... Juggernaut. It was simple.

But ... *Fabian Cortez?* Wasn't he a singer in the '50s? Sir Trevor Fitzroy? Does he have fox-hunting powers, does he give people gout, *what?* And who are all these Japanese guys? How can an average, non-mutant citizen tell these new villains apart?

To help, we have created this handy, compact guide to identifying — and, more importantly, *distinguishing between* — the modern mutant super-villains. At a glance, you'll know who's from the future and who's immortal; who wants to conquer the world and who just wants to kill somebody. It's an indispensable aid for survival in a world where mutant super-villains are around every corner looking for a few *homo sapien* bystanders to senselessly slaughter.

THE BIG THREE

Apocalypse, Mr. Sinister and Stryfe are the big boys of the new mutant super-villains, skulking behind the scenes, plotting and planning. They don't like to get their hands dirty, so consequently they've driven up the cost of super-powered criminal cannon fodder. Thanks to these guys, an average villain just can't afford Marauders or Dark Riders or Mutant Liberation Fronts anymore.

APOCALYPSE	MR. SINISTER	STRYFE
• Wears blue	• Wears blue	• Doesn't wear blue
• From the past	• From the present	• From the future
• Immortal and pretty smug about it	• Immortal (probably)	• Probably immortal, too (hey,who isn't?)
• Malleable body	• Malleable body and cool red spot on forehead	• Non-malleable body
• Fixated on Archangel	• Fixated on Cyclops	• Fixated on Cyclops
• Wants to kill genetic weaklings	• Wants to kill genetic weaklings	• Wants his Mommy and Daddy
• Wants to rule world	• Wants to rule world	• Wants to rule world (or kill it)
• Hires expendable super-lackeys to do dirty work	• Hires expendable super-lackeys to do dirty work	• Hires expendable super-lackeys to do dirty work
• Not dead	• Was dead, now not	• Dead (yeah, right)
• Does not look like Cable	• Does not look like Cable	• Looks like Cable
Comments: Thinks too big; needs to select more immediate goals and strive toward them.	**Comments:** Has no life. Really ought to get one.	**Comments:** Needs counselling. Maybe a twelve-step program like Adult Children of the Atom.



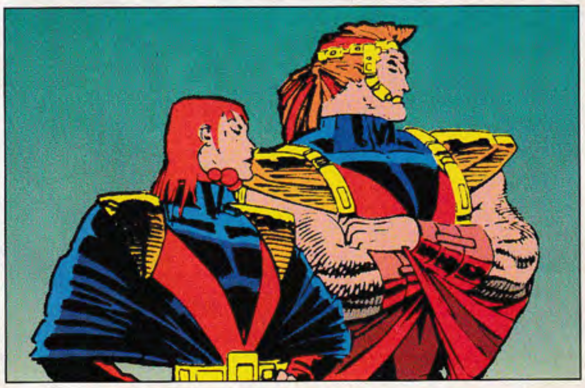
THE MAGNETIC CHOIR

These villains are each so boring and mundane they can't make it as individuals. They formed a club to become a big, tedious, faceless, homogeneous mob dedicated to a super-villain who *does* stand out in a crowd — Magneto.

ACOLYTES

Don't bother trying to tell them apart — just run for it. No chart will help you with these guys; they all wear the same costume and call each other by their real names. Those who do have "secret identities" use foreign sounding names that you'll never remember. They all look human except for one alien-type.

They do have super powers, but it's usually weird energy powers that are hard to distinguish (one guy is a human satellite dish; how useful is *that* in a fight?). If you see an Acolyte, just assume he shoots blast beams out of his hands and you'll probably be close enough.



MUTANT-YAKUZA AXIS

These "honorable men" talk a lot while trying to stab each other in the back. It would be nice if they would just fight it out on their own time and then the X-Men could whale on the winner.

SHINOBI SHAW	MATSU'O	NYOIRIN	TATSU'O
• Japanese	• Japanese	• Japanese	• Japanese
• Crime lord posing as a businessman	• Crime lord posing as a businessman	• Crime lord posing as a businessman	• Crime lord posing as a businessman
• Wears really expensive suits	• Wears really expensive suits	• Wears really expensive suits	• Wears really expensive kimonos
• Obscenely wealthy	• Obscenely wealthy	• Obscenely wealthy	• Obscenely wealthy
• Upstart	• Not an Upstart but likes to pretend he is	• Not an Upstart and doesn't pretend he is	• Not an Upstart and doesn't care if he is
• Hair problems	• Hair problems and a scar	• Uses hair care products	• Hair problems
• Hates father	• Father unknown	• No problem with father	• No problem with father, but hates Iceman (of all people)
• Super powered	• No super powers, but hangs with Omega Red	• No super powers, but knows Silver Samurai	• No super powers, but uses Cyberai warriors
• Often found in hot tubs with babes	• Often found in hot tubs (but not with Shinobi Shaw)	• No hot tub data	• No hot tub data
• Didn't have a Psylocke, but does have a drinking problem	• Did have a Psylocke	• Did have a Psylocke	• Didn't have a Psylocke
Comments: Seems to have unnatural fear of hair-care products.	**Comments:** Needs to be seriously slapped around for starting this whole Psylocke/Kwannon deal.	**Comments:** Needs to find a new servant; Silver Samurai has been clocked by every hero on the block, including Ka-Zar's pet kitty, Zabu.	**Comments:** Ought to find some friends his own age.



THE YOUNG GENTRY

These two fellows have marvelous speaking voices, a taste for fine living, and the manners of a cultured British gentleman — like, say, Jack the Ripper.

GIDEON	SIR TREVOR FITZROY
• Stylish green coif	• Stylish green coif
• Belongs to a rich, elitist, secret society	• Belongs to a rich, elitist, secret society
• Enjoys an evening of fine torture	• Enjoys an evening of fine torture
• Immortal	• Not immortal
• Has existed from earliest times	• Has existed in many different time zones
• External High Lord	• Upstart Pretty Boy
• Takes other peoples' powers in order to kill them	• Takes other peoples' energy in order to kill them
• Pet scientist: Mr. Joshua	• Pet scientist: Bantam
• Looking for a new High Lord to manipulate	• Looking for a new X-Man to kill
• Father probably died in the Flood	• Father threw him in a pit to die
• Hates Cannonball	• Hates Bishop
• Butt was kicked by X-Force	• Butt was kicked by X-Men
Comments: Has good table manners and offers solid tips on mutual funds.	**Comments:** Actually deserved to be thrown into a pit to die. Unfortunately, the pit wasn't deep enough.





REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE

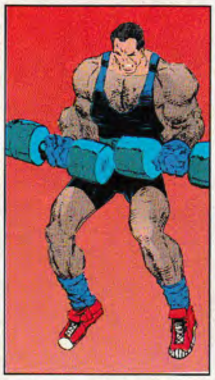
The post-Baby Boom MTV generation of mutant super-villains: pampered, prosperous, and attention spans measured in microseconds. The only things that interest them are games and violence. Feel good about the future.

UPSTARTS

The warning signs of being an Upstart:

1. Too much money
2. Too much free time
3. Too much hair
4. Hate your father
5. Like to kill the X-Men
6. Like to kill the Hellfire Club Inner Circle
7. Pretty much like to kill anybody
8. Squabble over the rules every time you play a game
9. Just plain insufferable

Comments: The Upstarts waste far too much time trying to kill the X-Men; they need to start subverting countries or threatening the world from secret satellites like their fathers' generation of mutant super-villains did.





Unfortunately, this is only the tip of the iceberg. A comprehensive guide to all mutant villains would have taken up this entire magazine, and then some. There are hundreds more mutant meanies out there; scads of weirdos like Slayback, Sinsear, Omega Red, and the Soul Skinner, all of whom look like George Romero extras. Then there's Random and Hazard, who chose their code names with a blindfold and a dictionary. And you would need a supercomputer to keep track of the plethora of faceless, nameless, Howitzer-toting, grudge-bearing, battle-suited, cybernetic, mercenary, kill-crazy goon squads out there.

So just stay indoors.

CLASSIFIEDS

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: Articulated metal mannequin with creepy face and handles on head. Found in several dozen pieces, several marked "PROPERTY OF H. PYM." Don't worry about the condition — I've almost got it all back togeth

LOST: Perfectly useless shiny, high-tech cube. No value save sentimental; large reward if returned to: Latverian Embassy. P.S. Don't press the green button.

FOUND: A whole bunch of stuff. All over my lawn. I returned to my cabin upstate 11/22/93 to find what looks like debris from a super hero fight scattered across my back acreage. Items include several hovercraft fragments, many shredded flak jackets w/stylized "A" logo, red goggles (broken), small white wingtip stamped PROPERTY U.S. GOV'T (hood ornament?), ENORMOUS flowing white wig w/black streaks, miscellaneous others (several hundred pounds' worth). Please come pick this stuff up. Replies to: Lenny, MYIR Box 30

ATTENTION, PEOPLE OF EARTH: DURING A RECENT FORAY TO YOUR PLANET, OUR MAJESTRIX MISPLACED A SMALL GLOWING PYRAMID APPROXIMATELY THE SIZE OF ONE OF YOUR EARTHLY CREDIT CARDS. IT WAS LOST SOMEWHERE ON THE CONTINENTAL LANDMASS YOUR PEOPLE KNOW AS 'CLEVELAND'. THIS DEVICE IS THE IGNITION SEQUENCE INITIATOR FOR HER MAJESTRIX'S PERSONAL STARCRUISER. IF IT IS RETURNED WITHIN 5 PLANETARY REVOLUTIONS, NO QUESTIONS WILL BE ASKED.
— SH'I'AR BATTLE OFFICER J'NN J'KB'JNGL'HMR'SM'TH

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE/WANTED

FOR SALE: Several top-quality, slightly-used skateboards, some with weapon attachments. All in perfect balance and alignment — I've just changed my style. Call Night Thrasher at 555-RADICAL.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE/WANTED

FOR SALE: Custom wheelchair. Comfy seat cushions, smooth magnetic levitator, turbolift thrusters with 200 mph cruise capacity, swivel arms. My recent 'upgrade' makes this a real buy for someone. Call Stark Industries at — better yet, have your people call my people and we'll let them hash out the details.

FOR SALE: INFINITY CRUSADE "WORSHIP THE GODDESS, YOU PIGS!" T-Shirts. $19.95. Specify S, M, L, XL, or Strong-Guy size.

FREE SAMPLES!! We're giving away samples to dispel those nasty rumors about new MyS-TECH gum. Its real appeal is the flavor, not some secret chemical formula that builds up in your body over time, making you more and more susceptible to our subliminal commands. Call 555-TECH for your sample or check your mailbox. And if you've already tried some, go have some more. Now. AND READ THE WRAPPER ONLY AFTER YOUR THIRD PACK.

WANTED: MYSTIC SPELLS. Incantations, wards, hexes, charms, even really good card tricks that do not involve major supernatural deities. Have many artifacts, tomes to swap in trade.
Call Stephen at
555-EXSUPREME.

HELP/SITUATIONS WANTED

TASKMASTER TEMPORARIES™ IS EXPANDING! New openings in super-villain office and lab assistant work. Can you cower in fear, memorize and divulge the Big Plan even though you're just a worthless drone, and do spreadsheets? Send your resumé today to: Taskmaster Temporaries, 1890 Bway, Fax 555-FLUNKY.

Recent cutback in work forces **Mystic Harbinger of Doom** to seek situations. Skills include Shapeshifting, Tormenting Innocents, Foreshadowing Oblivion, Light Typing. Respond to: The Dwarf, Darkhold Page 36

HELP/SITUATIONS WANTED

Heroic multicultural type seeks crimefighting opportunities that do not involve grabbing things, holding things, or opening doors. Replies to: **Battling Bantam**, MYIR Box 428

Do you know what goes into a Wakandan Omelet? Or Latverian Goulash? Can you mix the deadly Madripoor Margarita? Caterer to the superheroes seeks kitchen and waitstaff help, latter experienced ONLY. Resumes to: P. Tate, Box 20, Riverdale.

Exclusive mercenary team shedding its dry old members in search of new skin — er, blood. Looking for cold-blooded, thick-skinned combat veteran seriously into herpetology (if you have to look it up, don't bother). Reptiles — sorry, Replies to: SERPENT SOCIETY, MYIR Box 458.

PERSONALS / ANNOUNCEMENTS

RHODEY, I'm really sorry. — Tony

CONGRATULATIONS to the **Thing** on his new look. Glad to see you finally took our suggestions to heart. — *The Yancy Street Gang*

SWM, 38, ex-journalist, on the rebound but ready to try again. I'm a nice guy — my last relationship was soured by third party jealousy. Photo, phone to: Eddie Brock, MYIR Box 467.

RHODEY, I'm really, REALLY sorry. — Tony

To the misshapen hideous thing that shambled through Central Park on 10/22/93: Thank you, thank you, thank you! My son Bobby, a problem delinquent, has been a model student and son since you scared the bejeezus out of him. We're so proud, the occasional screaming nightmare seems a small price to pay! Sincerely, Grateful Mom

RHODEY, Seriously. Really, REALLY sorry. — Tony

PERSONALS / ANNOUNCEMENTS

Generous Single White Entity seeks like-minded souls for long-term commitment. Promise of permanent commitment after brief period of pampering you and fulfilling your every need. Replies to **Mephisto Inferno, Level 7, Canto 18.**

TONY, Kiss my titanium-steel butt. — Rhodey

MISCELLANEOUS

Open casting call for soon-to-be-hit musical **DAZZLERMANIA 2: LILA CHENEY LIVES!!** Seeking moody, emaciated brunettes and corn-fed farmboy types for leads, various punk/mutant types for chorus. January 4th, 1994, at the Majestic Durnfurgle Theate, 555 B'way at 55th, 8 AM till.

Did your ex come back from the dead in another gender? Was your spouse a member of your fraternity or sorority in a previous life? Seeking interviewees for upcoming "RESURRECTED SEX-CHANGING SUPER HEROES AND THE PEOPLE WHO LOVE THEM" segment for the Sassy Jelly Azrael Show. Call Judy at **555-HEARTACHE.**

There are so many new super heroes, it's like the UNIVERSE multiplied or something! And the super hero support industries have never been better! Learn how AMAZING AMOUNTS of MONEY MONEY MONEY are not really BEING GIVEN AWAY but almost at our free seminar and show! CLEAN UP by opening your own DAMAGE CONTROL franchise! Get into the world of super-vehicle and -weapon repair and maintenance! Break into the fascinating and fast-growing field of costume design! Over 2 dozen other, only occasionally hazardous careers in the fast-growing super hero resource industry! JANUARY 12, 1994, at the Passaic Hamilton Hotel! Call **555-KWIKBUX** for reservations.


MURDERWORLD
invites you to come on down
and be our guest!
"Be our guest, be our guest, put on your bullet-proof vest! Though it won't
matter, once we spray armor-piercers through your chest! Be our guest, be our guest, be our guest!
"N'before you go, we'll even tag your toe! And see you dressed, in your best, laid out for eternal rest!
So be our guest, be our guest, be our guest!"
MURDERWORLD®
The Deadliest Place on Earth!



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